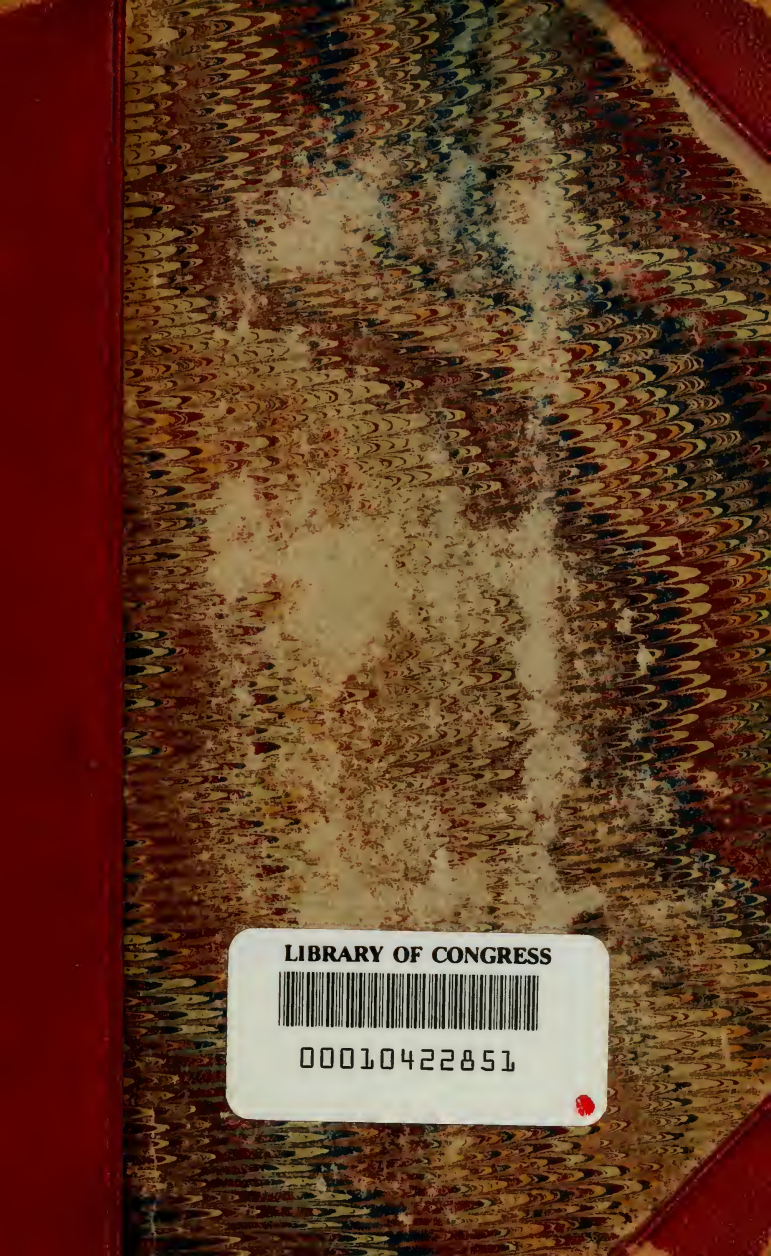

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AIRS OF PALESTINE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Views of Palestine &c.



Hills & Walls of Jerusalem.

Boston

JAMES MUNROE & CO

1840.

AIRS OF PALESTINE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN PIERPONT.

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PREFACE.

Poetry is not my vocation. The pieces that make up this volume will be seen, should they be read, to be mostly occasional, — the wares of a verse-wright, made "to order." I pray the critics to consider this; and, if there is that in them which says that *something* must be

"hawked at, and killed,"

I entreat them to pounce upon some higher quarry.

A few of these pieces, I confess, are spontaneous. They were written *con amore*. Nay, I could not but write them. I felt that *necessity* was laid upon me, and that woe were me, if I wrote them not. These are fair game. I turn them out, to the young editors especially, as fit subjects for them to flesh their dissecting knives upon. I wrote these pieces, which are

fault-finders themselves, expecting that they would meet with fault-finders, even among my friends. Should they give offence to them, I shall be sorry; — sorry, not that the pieces are written, but that my friends are offended by them. I will try to propitiate such friends, in advance, by assuring them, that though *they* may grieve, and wish that I had been more prudent than to write the pieces that touch thus upon human liberty, and upon the outrageous wrongs that, in these our days, and in this our land, it has suffered, — their grandchildren will thank me, and *may* be the freer men for them. This is all that I have to say about them.

If poetry is always fiction, there is no poetry in this book. It gives a true, though an all too feeble expression of the author's feelings and faith, — of his love of right, freedom, and man, and of his correspondent and most hearty hatred of every thing that is at war with them; and of his faith in the providence and gracious promises of God. Nay, the book is published as an expression of his faith in *man;* his faith that every line, written to rebuke high-

handed or under-handed wrong, or to keep alive the fires of civil and religious liberty, — written for solace in affliction, for support under trial, or as an expression, or for the excitement, of Christian patriotism or devotion; or even with no higher aim than to throw a little sunshine into the chamber of the spirit, while it is going through some of the wearisome passages of life's history, — will be received as a proof of the writer's interest in the welfare of his fellow men, of his desire to serve them, and consequently of his claim upon them for a charitable judgment, at least, if not even for a respectful and grateful remembrance.

J. P.

Boston, September 1st, 1840.

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AIRS OF PALESTINE.

AIRS OF PALESTINE.

Summer's dun cloud comes thundering up, and holds
The rushing tempest in its gathering folds;
The darkened world beneath it holds its breath,
And, from its bosom, comes the voice of Death,
Solemn and deep: — yet on that cloud we gaze
With calm delight, when on its border blaze
The golden splendors of the closing day:
These tell us, that the cloud will pass away
Harmless, and leave behind it purer air
For all that breathe, and the fair world more fair.
So, when one language bound the human race,
On Shinar's plain, round Babel's mighty base,
Gloomily rose the minister of wrath;
Dark was his frown, destructive was his path;
That tower was blasted by the touch of Heaven;
That bond was burst, — that race asunder driven:
Yet, round the Avenger's brow, that frowned above,
Played Mercy's beams, — the lambent light of Love.
All was not lost, though busy Discord flung
Repulsive accents from each jarring tongue;

All was not lost; for Love one tie had twined,
And Mercy dropped it, to connect mankind:
One tie, whose airy filaments invest,
Like Beauty's zone, the calm or stormy breast;
Wake that to action, rule of this the strife,
And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,
Supply a faithful clue, to lead the lone
And weary wanderer to his Father's throne.

That tie is Music. How supreme her sway!
How lovely is the Power that all obey!
Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock;
Her voice is echoed by the desert rock;
For her, the asp withholds the sting of death,
And bares his fangs but to inhale her breath;
The royal lion leaves his desert lair,
And, crouching, listens when she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
Is tamed, and led by this Enchantress still.
Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal
Along his heart, — that heart will never feel.
'T is hers to chain the passions, soothe the soul,
To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl,
From Murder's hand; to smooth the couch of Care,
Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there;
Of Pain's hot brow to still the bounding throb,
Despair's long sigh, and Grief's convulsive sob.
How vast her empire! Turn through earth, through air,
Your aching eye, you find her subjects there;
Nor is the throne of heaven above her spell,
Nor yet beneath it is the host of hell.

To her, Religion owes her holiest flame:
Her eye looks heavenward, for from heaven she came.
And when Religion's mild and genial ray
Around the frozen heart begins to play,
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
And that cold mass, by either power assailed,
Is warmed, is melted, and to heaven exhaled.

Here let us pause: — the opening prospect view: —
How fresh this mountain air! — how soft the blue,
That throws its mantle o'er the lengthening scene!
Those waving groves, — those vales of living green, —
Those yellow fields, — that lake's cerulean face,
That meets, with curling smiles, the cool embrace
Of roaring torrents, lulled by her to rest; —
That white cloud, melting on the mountain's breast:
How the wide landscape laughs upon the sky!
How rich the light that gives it to the eye!

Where lies our path? — though many a vista call,
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.
Where lies our path? — a poet, and inquire
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre?
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;
Between them, Tempè breathes in beds of flowers,
For ever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.

Your theme is Music: — Yonder rolls the wave,
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,
Enchanted by his lyre: — Cithæron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;
There be thy path, — for there the Muses dwell.

No, no, — a lonelier, lovelier path be mine:
Greece and her charms I leave, for Palestine.
There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
In Carmel's holy grots I 'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

Here arching vines their leafy banner spread,
And hold their green shields o'er the pilgrim's head,
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,
And breathing freshness on the sultry day.
Here the wild bee suspends her murmuring wing,
Pants on the rock, or sips the silver spring;

And here, — as musing on my theme divine,
I gather flowers to bloom along my line,
And hang my garland in festoons around,
Enwreathed with clusters, and with tendrils bound;
And fondly, warmly, humbly hope, the Power,
That gave perfume and beauty to the flower,
Drew living water from this rocky shrine,
Purpled the clustering honors of the vine,
And led me, lost in devious mazes, hither,
To weave a garland, will not let it wither: —
Wondering, I listen to the strain sublime,
That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,
Wafted in grand simplicity along,
The undying breath, the very soul of song.
Down that long vale of years are sweetly rolled
The mingled voices of the bards of old;
Melodious voices! bards of brightest fire!
Where each is warm, how melting is the quire!
Yet, though so blended is the concert blest,
Some master tones are heard above the rest.

O'er the cleft sea the storm in fury rides:
Israel is safe, and Egypt tempts the tides:
Her host, descending, meets a watery grave,
And o'er her monarch rolls the refluent wave.
The storm is hushed; the billows foam no more,
But sink in smiles; — there 's Music on the shore!
On the wide waste of waters, dies that air
Unheard; for all is death and coldness there.
But see! the robe that brooding Silence throws
O'er Shur reclining in profound repose,

Is rent and scattered by the burst of praise,
That swells the song the astonished Hebrews raise.
The desert waked at that proud anthem, flung
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue: [1]
The first to Liberty that e'er was sung.

But if, when joy and gratitude inspire,
Such high-toned triumph wakes the exulting lyre,
What are its breathings, when pale Sorrow flings
Her tearful touches o'er its trembling strings?

At Nebo's base, that mighty bard resigns
His life and empire in prophetic lines. [2] —
Heaven, all attention, round the poet bends,
And conscious earth, as when the dew descends,
Or showers as gentle, feels her young buds swell,
Her herbs shoot greener, as he bids farewell.
Rich is the song, though mournfully it flows:
And as that harp, which God alone bestows,
Is swept in concert with that sinking breath,
Its cold chords shrink, as from the touch of death.
It *was* the touch of death! — Sweet be thy slumbers,
Harp of the prophet! but those holy numbers,
That death-denoting, monitory moan,
Shall live, till Nature heaves her dying groan.
From Pisgah's top his eye the prophet threw,
O'er Jordan's wave, where Canaan met his view.
His sunny mantle, and his hoary locks
Shone, like the robe of Winter, on the rocks.
Where is that mantle? — Melted into air.
Where is the prophet? — God can tell thee where.

So, in the morning, round some woody height,
A fleecy cloud hangs hovering in the light,
Fit couch for angels; which while yet we view,
'T is lost to earth, in the clear depths of blue.

Who is that chief, already taught to urge
The battle stream, and roll its darkest surge;
Whose army marches through retiring seas,
Whose gory banner, spreading on the breeze,
Unfolds o'er Jericho's devoted towers,[3]
And, like the storm o'er Sodom, redly lowers?
The Moon can answer; for she heard his tongue,
And cold and pale o'er Ajalon she hung.[4]
The Sun can tell: —o'er Gibeon's vale of blood,
Curving their beamy necks, his coursers stood,
Held by that hero's arm, to light his wrath,
And roll their glorious eyes upon his crimson path.
What mine, exploding, rends that smoking ground?
What earthquake spreads those smouldering ruins round?
The sons of Levi, round that city, bear
The ark of God, their consecrated care,
And, in rude concert, each returning morn,
Blow the long trump, and wind the curling horn.
No blackening thunder smoked along the wall:
No earthquake shook it: — Music wrought its fall.

The reverend hermit, who from earth retires,
Freezes to love's, to melt in holier fires,
And builds on Libanus his humble shed,[5]
Beneath the waving cedars of his head; —

Year after year with brighter views revolving,
Doubt after doubt in stronger hopes dissolving; —
Though neither pipe, nor voice, nor organ's swell,
Disturb the silence of his lonely cell;
Yet hears enough, had nought been heard before,
To wake a holy awe, and teach him to adore.
For, ere the day with orisons he closes,
Ere on his flinty couch his head reposes, —
A couch more downy in the hermit's sight,
Than one of rose-leaves to the Sybarite, —
As lone he muses on those naked rocks,
Heaven's last light blushing on his silver locks,
Amid the deepening shades of that wild mountain,
He hears the burst of many a mossy fountain,
Whose crystal rills in pure embraces mingle,
And dash and sparkle down the leafy dingle,
There lose their liquid notes: — with grateful glow,
The hermit listens, as the waters flow,
And says, there 's Music in that mountain stream,
The storm beneath him, and the eagle's scream.

There lives around that solitary man
The tameless Music, that with time began;
Airs of the Power, that bids the tempest roar,
The cedar bow, the royal eagle soar;
The mighty Power, by whom those rocks were piled,
Who moves unseen, and murmurs through the wild.
What countless chords does that dread Being strike!
Various their tone, but all divine alike:
There, Mercy whispers in a balmy breath,
Here, Anger thunders, and the note is death;

There, 't is a string that soothes with slow vibration,
And here, a burst that shakes the whole creation.

By Heaven forewarned his hunted life to save,
Behold Elijah stands by Horeb's cave;
Grieved that the God, for whom he 'd warmly striven,
Should see his servants into exile driven,
His words neglected, by those servants spoken,
His prophets murdered, and his altars broken.
His bleeding heart a soothing strain requires:
He hears it: — softer than Æolian lyres,
"A still, small voice," like Zephyr's dying sighs,
Steals on his ear: — he may not lift his eyes,
But o'er his face his flowing mantle flings,
And hears a whisper from the King of kings. [6]

Yet, from that very cave, from Horeb's side,
Where spreads a desert prospect, wild and wide,
The prophet sees, with reverential dread,
Dark Sinai rear his thunder-blasted head;
Where erst was poured on trembling Israel's ear
A stormier peal, that Moses quaked to hear.
In what tremendous pomp Jehovah shone,
When on that mount he fixed his burning throne! [7]
Thick, round its base, a shuddering gloom was flung:
Black, on its breast, a thunder-cloud was hung:
Bright, through that blackness, arrowy lightnings came,
Shot from the glowing vail, that wrapped its head in flame.
And when that quaking mount the Eternal trod,
Scorched by the foot of the descending God,

Then blasts of unseen trumpets, long and loud,
Swelled by the breath of whirlwinds, rent the cloud,
And Death and Terror stalked beneath that smoky shroud.

Seest thou that shepherd boy, of features fair,
Of eye serene, and brightly flowing hair,
That leans, in thoughtful posture, on his crook,
And, statue-like, pores o'er the pebbly brook?
Yes: and why stands he there, in stupor cold?
Why not pursue those wanderers from his fold?
Or, 'mid the playful children of his flocks,
Toss his light limbs, and shake his amber locks,
Rather than idly gaze upon the stream? —
That boy is lost in a poetic dream:
And, while his eye follows the wave along,
His soul expatiates in the realms of song.
For oft, where yonder grassy hills recede,
I 've heard that shepherd tune his rustic reed;
And then such sweetness from his fingers stole,
I knew that Music had possessed his soul.
Oft in her temple shall the votary bow,
Oft at her altar breathe his ardent vow,
And oft suspend, along her coral walls,
The proudest trophies that adorn her halls.
Even now the heralds of his monarch tear
The son of Jesse from his fleecy care, [8]
And to the hall the ruddy minstrel bring,
Where sits a being, that was once a king.
Still on his brow the crown of Israel gleams,
And cringing courtiers still adore its beams,

Though the bright circle throws no light divine,
But rays of hell, that melt it while they shine.

As the young harper tries each quivering wire,
It leaps and sparkles with prophetic fire,
And, with the kindling song, the kindling rays
Around his fingers tremulously blaze,
Till the whole hall, like those blest fields above,
Glows with the light of melody and love.

Soon as the foaming demon hears that psalm,
Heaven on his memory bursts, and Eden's balm:
He sees the dawnings of too bright a sky;
Detects the angel in the poet's eye;
With grasp convulsive rends his matted hair;
Through his strained eyeballs shoots a fiend-like glare;
And flies, with shrieks of agony, that hall,
The throne of Israel, and the breast of Saul,
Exiled to roam, or, in infernal pains,
To seek a refuge from that shepherd's strains.

The night was moonless: — Judah's shepherds kept
Their starlight watch: their flocks around them slept. [9]
To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes were turned,
And to the fires that there eternal burned.
Those azure regions had been peopled long,
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song:
And there the simple shepherd, conning o'er
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,
The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight, [10]

And, from their spangled pinions, as they flew,
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew:
Saw there the brilliant gems, that nightly flare
In the thin mist of Berenicè's hair;
And there Boötes roll his lucid wain,
On sparkling wheels, along the ethereal plain;
And there the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,
Pursue for ever the star-studded Lyre;
And there, with bickering lash, heaven's Charioteer
Urge round the Cynosure his bright career.

While thus the shepherds watched the host of night,
O'er heaven's blue concave flashed a sudden light.
The unrolling glory spread its folds divine
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine;
And lo! descending angels, hovering there,
Stretched their loose wings, and in the purple air
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold: —
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold,
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran:
"Glory to God; — Benevolence to man; —
Peace to the world:" — and in full concert came,
From silver tubes and harps of golden frame,
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains
Lingered and languished on Judea's plains.
Yon living lamps, charmed from their chambers blue
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew:
All? — all, but one, that hung and burned alone,
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar
Glow unextinguished; — 't was Salvation's Star.

Hear'st thou that solemn symphony, that swells
And echoes through Philippi's gloomy cells?
From vault to vault the heavy notes rebound,
And granite rocks reverberate the sound.
The wretch, who long, in dungeons cold and dank,
His chains had shaken, that their iron clank
Might break the grave-like silence of that prison,
On which the Star of Hope had never risen;
Then sunk in slumbers, by despair oppressed,
And dreamed of freedom in his broken rest;
Wakes at the music of those mellow strains,
Thinks it some spirit, and forgets his chains.
'T is Paul and Silas; — with the voice of prayer,
And holy chant, they load the midnight air.
Soon is their anthem wafted to the skies:
An angel bears it, and a God replies.
At that reply, a pale, portentous light
Plays through the air, — then leaves a gloomier night.
The darkly tottering towers, the trembling arch,
The rocking walls, confess an earthquake's march,[11] —
The stars look dimly through the roof: — behold,
From saffron dews and melting clouds of gold,
Brightly uncurling on the dungeon's air,
Freedom walks forth serene: — from her loose hair,
And every glistening feather of her wings,
Perfumes that breathe of more than earth she flings,
And with a touch dissolves the prisoner's chains,
Whose song had charmed her from celestial plains.

'T is night again: for Music loves to steal
Abroad at night; when all her subjects kneel,

In more profound devotion, at her throne :
And, at that sober hour, she 'll sit alone,
Upon a bank, by her sequestered cell,
And breathe her sorrows through her wreathed shell.
Again 't is night, — the diamond lights on high
Burn bright, and dance harmonious through the sky ;
And Silence leads her downy-footed hours
Round Sion's hill and Salem's holy towers.
The Lord of Life, with his few faithful friends,
Drowned in mute sorrow, down that hill descends.
They cross the stream that bathes its foot, and dashes
Around the tomb, where sleep a monarch's ashes ; [12]
And climb the steep, where oft the midnight air
Received the Sufferer's solitary prayer.
There, in dark bowers imbosomed, Jesus flings
His hand celestial o'er prophetic strings ;
Displays his purple robe, his bosom gory,
His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory : —
And, while the group, each hallowed accent gleaning,
On pilgrim's staff, in pensive posture, leaning, —
Their reverend beards, that sweep their bosoms, wet
With the chill dews of shady Olivet, —
Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sorrow, [13]
With their loved Lord, whose death shall shroud the morrow.
Heavens ! what a strain was that ! those matchless tones,
That ravish " Princedoms, Dominations, Thrones " ;
That, heard on high, had hushed those peals of praise,
That seraphs swell, and harping angels raise ;
Soft, as the wave from Siloa's fount that flows,
Through the drear silence of the mountain rose.

How sad the Saviour's song! how sweet! how holy!
The last he sung on earth: — how melancholy!
Along the valley sweep the expiring notes:
On Kedron's wave the melting music floats:
From her blue arch, the lamp of evening flings
Her mellow lustre, as the Saviour sings:
The moon above, the wave beneath, is still,
And light and music mingle on the hill.

The glittering guard, whose viewless ranks invest
The brook's green margin and the mountain's crest,
Catch that unearthly song, and soar away,
Leave this dark orb, for fields of endless day,
And round the Eternal's throne on buoyant pinions play.

Ye glowing seraphs, that enchanted swim
In seas of rapture, as ye tune the hymn
Ye bore from earth, — O say, ye choral quires,
Why in such haste to wake your golden lyres?
Why, like a flattering, like a fleeting dream,
Leave that lone mountain, and that silent stream?
Say, could not then the "Man of Sorrows" claim
Your shield of adamant, your sword of flame? —
Hell forced a smile at your retiring wing,
And man was left — to crucify your King.

But must no other sweets perfume my wreath,
Than Carmel's hill and Sharon's valley breathe?
Are holy airs borne only through the skies
Where Sinai thunders, and where Horeb sighs?

And move they only o'er Arabia's sea,
Bethesda's pool, the lake of Galilee?
And does the hand that bids Judea bloom,
Deny its blossoms to the desert's gloom?
No: — turn thine eye, in visionary glance,
To scenes beyond old Ocean's blue expanse,
Where vast La Plata rolls his weight along
Through worlds unknown to science and to song,
And, sweeping proudly o'er his boundless plain,
Repels the foaming billows of the main.
Let Fancy lap thee in his bordering bowers,
And scatter round thee Nature's wildest flowers:
For Nature there, since first her opening eye
Hailed the bright orb her Father hung on high,
Still on her bosom wears the enamelled vest,
That bloomed and budded on her infant breast;
Still to the sportive breeze, that round her blows,
Turns her warm cheek, her unshorn tresses throws;
With grateful hand her treasured balm bequeaths
For every sigh the enamoured rover breathes,
And even smiles to feel the flutterer sip
The virgin dew that cools her rosy lip.
There, through the clouds, stupendous mountains rise,
And lift their icy foreheads to the skies;
There blooming valleys and secure retreats
Bathe all thy senses in voluptuous sweets:
Reclining there, beneath a bending tree,
Fraught with the fragrant labors of the bee,
Admire, with me, the birds of varied hue,
That hang, like flowers of orange and of blue,

Among the broad magnolia's cups of snow,
Quaffing the perfumes, from those cups that flow.

But is all peace, beneath the mountain shade?
Do Love and Mercy haunt that sunny glade,
And sweetly rest upon that lovely shore,
When light retires, and nature smiles no more?
No: — there, at midnight, the hoarse tiger growls:
There the gaunt wolf sits on his rock and howls:
And there, in painted pomp, the yelling Indian prowls.

Round the bold front of yon projecting cliff,
Shoots, on white wings, the missionary's skiff,
And, walking steadily along the tide,
Seems, like a phantom, o'er the wave to glide,
Her light cymar unfolded to the breeze,
That breaks not, though it moves, the mirror of the seas.

Lo, at the stern, the priest of Jesus rears
His reverend front, ploughed by the share of years.[14]
He takes his harp: — the spirits of the air
Breathe on his brow, and interweave his hair,
In silky flexure, with the sounding strings: —
And hark! — the holy missionary sings.
'T is the Gregorian chant: — with him unites,
On either hand, his quire of neophytes,
While the boat cleaves its liquid path along,
And waters, woods, and winds protract the song.

Those unknown strains the forest war-whoop hush:
Huntsmen and warriors from their cabins rush,

Heed not the foe, that yells defiance nigh,
See not the deer, that dashes wildly by,
Drop from their hand the bow and rattling quiver,
Crowd to the shore, and plunge into the river,
Breast the green waves, the enchanted bark that toss,
Leap o'er her sides, and kneel before the cross.

Hear yon poetic pilgrim of the west
Chant Music's praise, and to her power attest ; [15]
Who now, in Florida's untrodden woods,
Bedecks, with vines of jessamine, her floods,
And flowery bridges o'er them loosely throws ; —
Who hangs the canvass where Atala glows,
On the live oak, in floating drapery shrouded,
That like a mountain rises, lightly clouded ; —
Who, for the son of Outalissi, twines,
Beneath the shade of ever-whispering pines,
A funeral wreath, to bloom upon the moss,
That Time already sprinkles on the cross,
Raised o'er the grave, where his young virgin sleeps,
And Superstition o'er her victim weeps ; —
Whom now the silence of the dead surrounds,
Among Scioto's monumental mounds ;
Save that, at times, the musing pilgrim hears
A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years,
To swell the mass, that Time and Ruin throw,
O'er chalky bones, that mouldering lie below,
By virtues unembalmed, unstained by crimes,
Lost in those towering tombs of other times ;
For, where no bard has cherished Virtue's flame,
No ashes sleep in the warm sun of Fame. —

With sacred lore, this traveller beguiles
His weary way, while o'er him Fancy smiles.
Whether he kneels in venerable groves,
Or through the wide and green savanna roves,
His heart leaps lightly on each breeze, that bears
The faintest breath of Iduméa's airs.

Now, he recalls the lamentable wail,
That pierced the shades of Rama's palmy vale,[16]
When Murder struck, throned on an infant's bier,
A note for Satan's and for Herod's ear.
Now, on a bank, o'erhung with waving wood,
Whose falling leaves flit o'er Ohio's flood,
The pilgrim stands ; and o'er his memory rushes
The mingled tide of tears and blood, that gushes
Along the valleys, where his childhood strayed,
And round the temples where his fathers prayed.
How fondly then, from all but Hope exiled,
To Zion's woe recurs Religion's child!
He sees the tear of Judah's captive daughters
Mingle, in silent flow, with Babel's waters ;
While Salem's harp, by patriot pride unstrung,
Wrapped in the mist, that o'er the river hung,
Felt but the breeze, that wantoned o'er the billow,
And the long, sweeping fingers of the willow.

And could not Music soothe the captive's woe ? —
But should that harp be strung for Judah's foe ?

While thus the enthusiast roams along the stream,
Balanced between a revery and a dream,

Backward he springs: and, through his bounding heart,
The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.
For, in the leaves, beneath a quivering brake,
Spinning his death-note, lies a coiling snake,
Just in the act, with greenly venomed fangs,
To strike the foot, that heedless o'er him hangs.
Bloated with rage, on spiral folds he rides;
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;
His parched and hissing throat breathes hot and dry;
A spark of hell lies burning on his eye:
While, like a vapor, o'er his writhing rings,
Whirls his light tail, that threatens while it sings.

Soon as dumb Fear removes her icy fingers
From off the heart, where gazing wonder lingers,
The pilgrim, shrinking from a doubtful fight,
Aware of danger, too, in sudden flight,
From his soft flute throws Music's air around,
And meets his foe upon enchanted ground.
See! as the plaintive melody is flung,
The lightning flash fades on the serpent's tongue;
The uncoiling reptile o'er each shining fold
Throws changeful clouds of azure, green, and gold;
A softer lustre twinkles in his eye;
His neck is burnished with a glossier dye;
His slippery scales grow smoother to the sight,
And his relaxing circles roll in light. —
Slowly the charm retires: — with waving sides,
Along its track the graceful listener glides;

While Music throws her silver cloud around,
And bears her votary off, in magic folds of sound.

On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,
And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,
Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales,
Alone, — at night, — the Italian boatman sails.
High o'er Mont' Alto walks, in maiden pride,
Night's queen ; — he sees her image on that tide,
Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest
Around his prow, then rippling sinks to rest ;
Now, glittering dance around his eddying oar,
Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore ;
Now, far before him, on a liquid bed
Of waveless water, rest her radiant head.
How mild the empire of that virgin queen !
How dark the mountain's shade ! how still the scene !
Hushed by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep
On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,
Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir
The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,
Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,
Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river.

Hark ! — 't is a convent's bell : — its midnight chime ;
For music measures even the march of Time : —
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,
Gray turrets rise : — the eye can catch no more.
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
Suspends his oar : — a low and solemn swell,

From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
What melting song wakes the cold ear of Night?
A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, robed in white,
Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
Triumphant is the spell! with raptured ear,
That uncaged spirit hovering lingers near; —
Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss,
A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this!

On Caledonia's hills, the ruddy morn
Breathes fresh: — the huntsman winds his clamorous horn.
The youthful minstrel from his pallet springs,
Seizes his harp, and tunes its slumbering strings.
Lark-like he mounts o'er gray rocks, thunder-riven,
Lark-like he cleaves the white mist, tempest-driven,
And lark-like carols, as the cliff he climbs,
Whose oaks were vocal with his earliest rhymes.
With airy foot he treads that giddy height;
His heart all rapture, and his eye all light;
His voice all melody, his yellow hair
Floating and dancing on the mountain air,
Shaking from its loose folds the liquid pearls,
That gather clustering on his golden curls; —
And, for a moment, gazes on a scene,
Tinged with deep shade, dim gold, and brightening green;
Then plays a mournful prelude, while the star
Of morning fades: — but when heaven's gates unbar,

And on the world a tide of glory rushes,
Burns on the hill, and down the valley blushes;
The mountain bard in livelier numbers sings,
While sunbeams warm and gild the conscious strings,
And his young bosom feels the enchantment strong
Of light, and joy, and minstrelsy, and song.

From rising morn, the tuneful stripling roves
Through smiling valleys and religious groves;
Hears, there, the flickering blackbird strain his throat,
Here, the lone turtle pour her mournful note,
Till night descends, and round the wanderer flings
The dewdrops dripping from her dusky wings.
Far from his native vale and humble shed
By nature's smile and nature's music led,
This child of melody has thoughtless strayed,
Till darkness wraps him in her deepening shade.
The scene that cheered him, when arrayed in light,
Now lowers around him with the frown of night.

With weary foot the nearest height he climbs,
Crowned with huge oaks, giants of other times;
Who feel, but fear not, autumn's breath, and cast
Their summer robes upon the roaring blast,
And, glorying in their majesty of form,
Toss their old arms, and challenge every storm.
Below him, Ocean rolls: — deep in a wood,
Built on a rock, and frowning o'er the flood,
Like the dark Cyclops of Trinacria's isle,
Rises an old and venerable pile:

Gothic its structure ; once a cross it bore,
And pilgrims thronged to hail it and adore.
Mitres and crosiers awed the trembling friar,
The solemn organ led the chanting quire,
When in those vaults the midnight dirge was sung,
And o'er the dead a *requiescat* rung.
Now, all is still : — the midnight anthem hushed : —
The cross is crumbled, and the mitre crushed.
And *is* all still ? — No : round those ruined altars,
With feeble foot as our musician falters,
Faint, weary, lost, benighted, and alone,
He sinks, all trembling, on the threshold stone.
Here nameless fears the young enthusiast chill :
They 're superstitious, but religious still.
He hears the sullen murmur of the seas,
That tumble round the stormy Orcades,
Or, deep beneath him, heave with boundless roar
Their sparkling surges to that savage shore ;
And thinks a spirit rolls the weltering waves
Through rifted rocks and hollow-rumbling caves.

Round the dark windows clasping ivy clings,
Twines round the porch, and in the sea-breeze swings ;
Its green leaves rustle : — heavy winds arise ;
The low cells echo, and the dark hall sighs.
Now Fancy sees the ideal canvass stretched,
And o'er the lines, that Truth has dimly sketched,
Dashes with hurried hand the shapes that fly
Hurtled along before her frenzied eye.
The scudding cloud, that drives along the coast,
Becomes the drapery of a warrior's ghost,

Who sails serenely in his gloomy pall,
O'er Morven's woods and Tura's mouldering wall,
To join the feast of shells, in Odin's misty hall.
Is that some demon's shriek, so loud and shrill,
Whose flapping robes sweep o'er the stormy hill?
No: — 't is the mountain blast, that nightly rages
Around those walls, gray with the moss of ages.
Is that a lamp sepulchral, whose pale light
Shines in yon vault, before a spectre white?
No: — 't is a glow-worm, burning greenly there,
Or meteor, swimming slowly on the air.
What mighty organ swells its deepest tone,
And sighing heaves a low, funereal moan,
That murmurs through the cemetery's glooms,
And throws a deadlier horror round its tombs?
Sure, some dread spirit o'er the keys presides!
The same that lifts these darkly thundering tides;
Or, homeless, shivers o'er an unclosed grave;
Or shrieking, off at sea, bestrides the white-maned wave.

Yes! — 't is some Spirit that those skies deforms,
And wraps in billowy clouds that hill of storms.
Yes: — 't is a Spirit in those vaults that dwells,
Illumes that hall, and murmurs in those cells.
Yes: — 't is *some* Spirit on the blast that rides,
And wakes the eternal tumult of the tides.
That Spirit broke the poet's morning dream,
Led him o'er woody hill and babbling stream,
Lured his young foot to every vale that rung,
And charmed his ear in every bird that sung;
With various concerts cheered his hours of light,
But kept the mightiest in reserve till night;

Then, throned in darkness, pealed that wildest air,
Froze his whole soul, and chained the listener there.

That Mighty Spirit once from Teman came :
Clouds were his chariot, and his coursers flame.[17]
Bowed the perpetual hills : — the rivers fled : —
Green Ocean trembled to his deepest bed : —
Earth shrunk aghast, — eternal mountains burned,
And his red axle thundered as it turned.

O ! Thou Dread Spirit ! Being's End and Source !
Check thy bright chariot in its fervid course.
Bend from thy throne of darkness and of fire,
And with one smile immortalize our lyre.
Amid the cloudy lustre of thy throne,
Though wreathy tubes, unheard on earth, are blown,
In sweet accord with the undying hymn
Of angel quires and harping Seraphim,
Still *hast* thou stooped to hear a shepherd play,
To prompt his measures, and approve his lay.
Hast thou grown old, Thou, who for ever livest !
Hast thou forgotten, Thou, who memory givest !
How, on the day thine ark, with loud acclaim,
From Zion's hill to Mount Moriah came,
Beneath the wings of Cherubim to rest,
In a rich vail of Tyrian purple dressed ;
When harps and cymbals joined in echoing clang,
When psalteries tinkled, and when trumpets rang,
And white-robed Levites round thine altar sang,
Thou didst descend, and, rolling through the crowd,
Inshrine thine ark and altar in thy shroud,
And fill the temple with thy mantling cloud.[18]

And now, Almighty Father, well we know,
When humble strains from grateful bosoms flow,
Those humble strains grow richer as they rise,
And shed a balmier freshness on the skies.

What though no Cherubim are here displayed,
No gilded walls, no cedar colonnade,
No crimson curtains hang around our quire,
Wrought by the cunning artisan of Tyre;
No doors of fir on golden hinges turn;
No spicy gums in golden censers burn;
No frankincense, in rising volumes, shrouds
The fretted roof in aromatic clouds;
No royal minstrel, from his ivory throne,
Gives thee his father's numbers or his own;—
If humble love, if gratitude inspire,
Our strain shall silence even the temple's quire,
And rival Michael's trump, nor yield to Gabriel's lyre.

In what rich harmony, what polished lays,
Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.
The fountain's gush, the long resounding shore,
The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,
The rustling leaf in autumn's fading woods,
The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,
The summer bower, by cooling breezes fanned,
The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spanned,
The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,
The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,

The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,
Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,
The scorching bolt, that, from thine armoury hurled,
Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world;
All these are music to Religion's ear, —
Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.
Thy hand invested in their azure robes,
Thy breath made buoyant, yonder circling globes,
That bound and blaze along the elastic wires,
That viewless vibrate on celestial lyres,
And in that high and radiant concave tremble,
Beneath whose dome adoring hosts assemble,
To catch the notes, from those bright spheres that flow,
Which mortals dream of, but which angels know.

Before thy throne, three sister Graces kneel;
Their holy influence let our bosoms feel!
Faith, that with smiles lights up our dying eyes;
Hope, that directs them to the opening skies;
And Charity, the loveliest of the three,
That can assimilate a worm to thee.
For her our organ breathes;[19] to her we pay
The heartfelt homage of an humble lay;
And while, to her, symphonious chords we string,
And Silence listens while to her we sing,
While round thine altar swells our evening song,
And vaulted roofs the dying notes prolong,
The strain we pour to her, do thou approve;
For Love is Charity, and Thou art Love.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 8.

"*The desert waked at that proud anthem, flung*
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue."

For the song of Moses, on this occasion, see *Exodus* xv. 1–22.

Note 2. Page 8.

"*At Nebo's base, that mighty bard resigns*
His life and empire in prophetic lines."

See the whole of the pathetic and eloquent valedictory address of Moses to the Israelites, in the xxxii. chapter of *Deuteronomy*, from the beginning to the 43d verse. His death, and other events here mentioned, follow in regular course.

Note 3. Page 9.

"*Unfolds o'er Jericho's devoted towers.*"

For the account of the destruction of Jericho, by the Jews under the command of Joshua, see *Joshua* vi., particularly verse 20th, "So the people shouted, when the priests blew the trumpets; and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound

of the trumpets, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city."

Note 4. Page 9.

"*And cold and pale o'er Ajalon she hung.*"

"Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."— *Josh.* x. 12, 13.

Note 5. Page 9.

"*And builds on Libanus his humble shed.*"

"Horeb et Sinaï, le Carmel et le *Liban*, le torrent de Cédron et la vallée de Josaphat, redisent encore la gloire de l'habitant de la cellule et de *l'anachorète du rocher.*" — *Génie du Christianisme*, Tom. iv. p. 48, (Lyons edit.)

Note 6. Page 11.

"*But o'er his face his flowing mantle flings,*
And hears a whisper from the King of kings."

"And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What dost thou here, Elijah?"— 1 *Kings* xix. 12, 13.

Note 7. Page 11.

"*In what tremendous pomp Jehovah shone,*
When on that mount he fixed his burning throne!"

See the sublime account of the descent of God upon Mount Sinai, in *Exodus* xix., particularly from the 16th to the 19th verse, as also in *Heb.* xii. 18–21.

Note 8. Page 12.

"*Even now, the heralds of his monarch tear*
The son of Jesse from his fleecy care."

"Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto Jesse, and said, Send me David thy son, which is with the sheep. And Jesse took an ass laden with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent them by David his son unto Saul. And David came to Saul, and stood before him; and he loved him greatly, and he became his armour-bearer. And Saul sent to Jesse, saying, Let David, I pray thee, stand before me; for he hath found favor in my sight. And it came to pass, when the *evil* spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." — 1 *Sam.* xvi. 19–23.

Note 9. Page 13.

"*The night was moonless: — Judah's shepherds kept*
Their starlight watch: their flocks around them slept."

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them." See the whole account, in *Luke* ii. 8–15.

Note 10. Page 13.

"*Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,*
The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight."

To the reader, who is but superficially acquainted with astronomy, no explanatory note is here necessary. To others it is enough to observe, that the Swan, the Eagle, Berenicè's lock, Boötes, the Pleiades, the Lyre, and Auriga or the Charioteer, are the names of constellations, or parts of constellations, visible in the northern hemisphere, — of course in Palestine. — Cynosure is the classical name of the Pole-star.

Note 11. Page 15.

"*The darkly tottering towers, the trembling arch,*
The rocking walls, confess an earthquake's march."

"And when they had laid many stripes upon them, (Paul and Silas,) they cast them into prison, charging the jailer to keep them safely; who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and *sang praises* unto God; and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed." — *Acts* xvi. 23 – 26.

Note 12. Page 16.

"*They cross the stream that bathes its foot, and dashes*
Around the tomb, where sleep a monarch's ashes."

The valley of Jehoshaphat is between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, on the east. Through this valley flows the brook Kedron, or Cedron: on the eastern bank of this river stands the tomb of Jehoshaphat.

Note 13. Page 16.

"*They pour the song of sorrow,*
With their loved Lord."

In this deeply interesting scene, I have taken the liberty of varying the *order* in which the events of the evening before the crucifixion occurred; in that I have supposed the hymn to be sung after crossing the Kedron, and ascending the Mount of Olives, — rather than in the supper chamber, as stated by Matthew. With this acknowledgment, I presume, the *license* will be excused. I considered the scene thus laid, more poetical, and not less solemn or religious. — See *Matth.* xxvi. 30, 31.

Note 14. Page 19.

"*Lo, at the stern, the priest of Jesus rears*
His reverend front, ploughed by the share of years."

Let not the Protestant reader be alarmed at seeing a Jesuit in company with Music and Religion. I do assure him, it is a supposable case. I am not ignorant of the fact, that many accounts of the arts and ambition of this order of Christians have been given to the world, which are not the most favorable to the purity or disinterestedness of their piety; and I am well aware, that, if poetry and fiction are synonymous terms, there is but little poetry in too many of these accounts. But let the Protestant reader recollect, that most of these views have been drawn by Protestant pencils. — "Let us lions be the painters," say the Jesuits, "and we will show you a very different picture." One of their pieces of colored canvass I will lay before my readers, as well to show that I do not think the above request unreasonable, as to explain what may want explanation, in this scene of the poem:

"Il restait encore, aux pieds des Cordilières, vers le côté qui regarde l'Atlantique, entre l'*Orénoque* et *Rio de la Plata*, un pays immense, rempli de Sauvages, où les Espagnols n'avaient

point porté la dévastation. Ce fut dans ces épaisses forêts que les missionnaires entreprirent de former une république chrétienne, et de donner, du moins à un petit nombre d'Indiens, le bonheur qu'ils n'avaient pu procurer à tous.

" Ils commencèrent par obtenir de la cour d'Espagne la liberté de tous les Sauvages qu'ils parviendraient à réunir. A cette nouvelle, les colons se soulevèrent; ce ne fut qu'à force d'esprit et d'adresse que les Jésuites surprirent, pour ainsi dire, la permission de verser leur sang dans les forêts du Nouveau-Monde. Enfin, ayant triomphé de la cupidité et de la malice humaines; méditant un des plus nobles desseins qu'ait jamais conçus un cœur d'homme, ils s'embarquèrent pour *Rio de la Plata*.

" C'est dans ce grand fleuve que vient se perdre cet autre fleuve, qui a donné son nom au pays et aux missions, dont nous retraçons l'histoire. *Paraguay*, dans la langue des Sauvages, signifie *le Fleuve couronné*, parce qu'il prend sa source dans le lac *Xarayès*, qui lui sert comme de couronne. Avant d'aller grossir *Rio de la Plata*, il reçoit les eaux du *Parana* et de l'*Uraguay*. Des forêts qui renferment dans leur sein d'autres forêts tombées de vieillesse, des marais et des plaines entièrement inondées dans la saison des pluies, des montagnes qui élèvent des déserts sur des déserts, forment une partie des vastes régions que le *Paraguay* arrose. Le gibier de toute espèce y abonde, ainsi que les tigres et les ours. Les bois sont remplis d'abeilles, qui font une cire fort blanche, et un miel très-parfumé. On y voit des oiseaux d'un plumage éclatant, et qui ressemblent à de grandes fleurs rouges et bleues, sur la verdure des arbres. Un missionnaire Français, qui s'était égaré dans ces solitudes, en fait la peinture suivante.

" 'Je continuai ma route sans savoir à quel terme elle devait aboutir, et sans qu'il y eût personne qui pût me l'enseigner. Je trouvais quelquefois, au milieu de ces bois, des endroits enchantés. Tout ce que l'étude et l'industrie des hommes ont pu imaginer pour rendre un lieu agréable n'approche point de ce que la simple nature y avait rassemblé de beautés.

" ' Ces lieux charmans me rappelèrent les idées que j'avais

eues autrefois, en lisant les vies des anciens Solitaires de la Thébaïde : il me vint en pensée de passer le reste de mes jours dans ces forêts où la Providence m'avait conduit, pour y vaquer uniquement à l'affaire de mon salut, loin de tout commerce avec les hommes ; mais, comme je n'étais pas le maître de ma destinée, et que les ordres du Seigneur m'étaient certainement marqués par ceux de mes supérieurs, je rejetai cette pensée comme une illusion.'

" Les Indiens que l'on rencontrait dans ces retraites ne leur ressemblaient que par le côté affreux. Race indolente, stupide et féroce, elle montrait dans toute sa laideur l'homme primitif dégradé par sa chûte. Rien ne prouve davantage la dégénération de la nature humaine, que la petitesse du Sauvage dans la grandeur du désert.

" Arrivés à *Buenos Ayres*, les missionnaires remontèrent *Rio de la Plata*, et, entrant dans les eaux du *Paraguay*, se dispersèrent dans ses bois sauvages. Les anciennes relations nous les représentent, un bréviaire sous le bras gauche, une grande croix à la main droite, et sans autre provision que leur confiance en Dieu. Ils nous les peignent, se faisant jour à travers les forêts, marchant dans des terres marécageuses où ils avaient de l'eau jusqu'à la ceinture, gravissant des roches escarpées, et furetant dans les antres et les précipices, au risque d'y trouver des serpens et des bêtes féroces, au lieu des hommes qu'ils y cherchaient.

" Plusieurs d'entr'eux y moururent de faim et de fatigue ; d'autres furent massacrés et dévorés par les Sauvages. Le père *Lizardi* fut trouvé percé de flèches sur un rocher ; son corps était à demi déchiré par les oiseaux de proie, et son bréviaire était ouvert auprès de lui à l'office des Morts. Quand un missionnaire rencontrait ainsi les restes d'un de ses compagnons, il s'empressait de leur rendre les honneurs funèbres ; et, plein d'une grande joie, il chantait un *Te Deum* solitaire sur le tombeau du martyr.

" De pareilles scènes, renouvelées à chaque instant, étonnaient les hordes barbares. Quelquefois elles s'arrêtaient autour du prêtre inconnu qui leur parlait de Dieu, et elles regardaient

le ciel que l'apôtre leur montrait ; quelquefois elles le fuyaient comme un enchanteur, et se sentaient saisies d'une frayeur étrange : le Religieux les suivait en leur tendant les mains au nom de Jésus-Christ. S'il ne pouvait les arrêter, il plantait sa grande croix dans un lieu découvert, et s'allait cacher dans les bois. Les Sauvages s'approchaient peu á peu pour examiner l'etendard de paix, élevé dans la solitude ; un aimant secret semblait les attirer à ce signe de leur salut. Alors le missionnaire sortant tout à coup de son embuscade, et profitant de la surprise des Barbares, les invitaient à quitter une vie misérable, pour jouir des douceurs de la société.

" Quand les Jésuites se furent attaché quelques Indiens, ils eurent recours à un autre moyen pour gagner des ames. Ils avaient remarqué que les Sauvages de ces bords étaient fort sensibles à la musique ; on dit même que les eaux du Paraguay rendent la voix plus belle. Les missionnaires s'embarquèrent donc sur des pirogues avec les nouveaux catéchumènes ; ils remontèrent les fleuves en chantant de saints cantiques. Les néophytes répétaient les airs, comme des oiseaux privés chantent pour attirer dans les rets de l'oiseleur les oiseaux sauvages. Les Indiens ne manquèrent point de se venir prendre au doux piége. Ils descendaient de leurs montagnes, et accouraient au bord des fleuves, pour mieux écouter ces accens. Plusieurs d'entr'eux se jetaient dans les ondes, et suivaient à la nage la nacelle enchantée. La lune, en répandant sa lumière mystérieuse sur ces scènes extraordinaires, achevait d'attendrir les cœurs. L'arc et la flèche échappaient à la main du Sauvage ; l'avant-goût des vertus sociales, et les premières douceurs de l'humanité, entraient dans son ame confuse. Il voyait sa femme et son enfant pleurer d'une joie inconnue ; bientôt, subjugué par un attrait irrésistible, il tombait au pied de la croix, et mêlait des torrens de larmes aux eaux régénératrices qui coulaient sur sa tête.

" Ainsi la religion chrétienne réalisait dans les forêts de l'Amérique, ce que la fable raconte des Amphion et des Orphée : réflexion si naturelle, qu'elle s'est présentée même aux missionnaires ; tant il est certain qu'on ne dit ici que la vérité,

en ayant l'air de raconter une fiction." — *Chateaubriand, Génie du Christianisme*, tom. VIII. chap. iv. p. 40 – 48.

Note 15. Page 20.

"*Hear yon poetic pilgrim of the west*
Chant Music's praise, and to her power attest."

Chateaubriand. — Perhaps I ought to apologize to this gentleman, — perhaps I owe the apology to the reader, for so frequently introducing him. The truth is, I find him very useful. If the facts stated by him are adapted to my purpose, I have a right to use them; if the truth of his stories is questionable, his is the responsibility, not mine. I screen myself from blame, if

"I say the tale as 't was said to me."

This gentleman, it seems, has travelled through the United States, from the mouth of the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence. In Florida and the Western States, he has laid the scene of his "Atala," an exquisite little assemblage of beauties and absurdities. This little poem, or rather episode, forms a part of his great work, "Génie du Christianisme," or the Beauties of the Christian Religion. It has been translated separately, and will be read with pleasure by most lovers of polite literature. The allusions here to Atala may be briefly explained by observing, that Chastas, son of Outalissi, is the hero, and Atala the heroine of the poem, — that Atala poisons herself rather than violate an oath of celibacy, imposed by little less than the legal *duress per minas;* and this act, upon which a coroner's inquest would return a verdict either of suicide, or insanity, is considered by our author as an unequivocal proof of her piety. The Florida scenery, — the live-oak, mantled in its loose, mossy drapery, — the laurel, — the jessamine, that hangs in graceful festoons over the waters, — are all beautifully described, because the painting is from the life. His notice of the celebrated and wonderful *barrows*, or monumental *tumuli*, upon our western rivers, and his

story of the serpent, charmed by the flute of the Canadian, will be seen in the passages here introduced from his work.

As to the story of the snake, what he says he *saw*, we may perhaps believe, particularly as accounts somewhat similar are given by others. Besides, though M. de Chateaubriand certainly does tell tales, that occasionally happen to partake of the marvellous, I do not know that he has yet been publicly convicted of stating what is false, in regard to what has fallen under his own observation. There are those, indeed, who question his veracity even there, — where he has nothing to do with saints or legends, — and I must, for myself, confess, that my own opinion of his veracity has been somewhat shaken, by a French gentleman, a general officer under Bonaparte, and for some time a member of the National Institute, who tells me, that he knows M. de Chateaubriand personally, though not *intimately*, — for he claims to be a man of *honor*, and appears to be so, — and that he knows him not only to be, but to have been, in the pay of the French police, as a *spy* upon his fellow citizens, — and that he therefore ought to be, and *is*, universally despised. So much for the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, *Martyrs*, *Travels*, &c. Here, then, follows a part of what I have made use of, remembering always that I am not writing *history*, but *poetry*. — Of the "monumental mounds" he says:

"On a découvert, depuis quelques années, dans l'Amérique septentrionale, des monumens extraordinaires sur les bords du Muskingum, du Miami, du Wabache, de l'Ohio, et sur-tout du Scioto, où ils occupent un espace de plus de vingt lieues en longueur. Ce sont des murs en terre avec des fossés, des glacis, des lunes, demi-lunes et de grands cônes qui servent de sépulcres. On a demandé, mais sans succès, quel peuple a laissé de pareilles traces. L'homme est suspendu dans le présent, entre le passé, et l'avenir, comme sur un rocher entre deux gouffres: derrière lui, devant lui, tout est ténèbres; à peine apperçoit il quelques fantômes qui, remontant du fond des deux abymes, surnagent un instant à leur surface, et s'y replongent pour jamais."

"Pour nous, amant solitaire de la nature, et simple confesseur

de la Divinité, nous nous sommes assis sur ces ruines. Voyageur sans renom, nous avons causé avec ces débris comme nous-même ignorés. Les souvenirs confus des hommes, et les vagues rêveries du désert, se mêlaient au fond de notre ame. La nuit était au milieu de sa course ; tout était muet, et la lune, et les bois, et les tombeaux. Seulement, à longs intervalles, on entendait la chute de quelque arbre, que la hache du temps abattait, dans la profondeur des forêts : ainsi tout tombe, tout s'anéantit."

" Enfin, ces monumens prennent leurs racines dans des jours beaucoup plus reculés que ceux où l'on a découvert l'Amérique. Nous avons vu sur ces ruines un chêne décrépit, qui avait poussé sur les débris d'un autre chêne tombé à ses pieds, et dont il ne restait plus que l'écorce ; celui-ci à son tour s'était élevé sur un troisième, et ce troisième, sur un quatrième. L'emplacement des deux derniers se marquait encore par l'intersection de deux cercles, d'un aubier rouge et pétrifié, qu'on découvrait à fleur de terre, en écartant un épais humus composé de feuilles et de mousse. Accordez seulement trois siècles de vie à ces quatre chênes successifs, et voilà une époque de douze cents années que la nature a gravée sur ces ruines." — *Génie du Christianisme*, tom. I. pp. 212-215, 276, 277.

As to the nature of the serpent generally, and his taste for Music, in particular, this is the account of our author :

" Notre siècle rejette avec hauteur tout ce qui tient de la merveille : sciences, arts, morale, religion, tout reste désenchanté. Le serpent a souvent été l'objet de nos observations ; et, si nous osons le dire, nous avons cru reconnaître en lui cet esprit pernicieux et cette subtilité que lui attribue l'Ecriture. Tout est mystérieux, caché, étonnant dans cet incompréhensible reptile. Ses mouvemens diffèrent de ceux de tous les autres animaux ; on ne saurait dire où gît le principe de son déplacement, car il n'a ni nageoires, ni pieds, ni ailes ; et cependant il fuit comme une ombre, il s'évanouit magiquement, il reparaît, disparaît encore, semblable à une petite fumée d'azur, ou aux éclairs d'un glaive dans les ténèbres. Tantôt il se forme en cercle, et darde une langue de feu ; tantôt, debout sur l'extrémité de sa queue, il marche dans une attitude perpendiculaire,

comme par enchantement. Il se jette en orbe, monte et s'abaisse en spirale, roule ses anneaux comme une onde, circule sur les branches des arbres, glisse sous l'herbe des prairies, ou sur la surface des eaux. Ses couleurs sont aussi peu déterminées que sa marche ; elles changent à tous les aspects de la lumière, et, comme ses mouvemens, elles ont le faux brillant et les variétés trompeuses de la séduction.

" Plus étonnant encore dans le reste de ses mœurs, il sait, ainsi qu'un homme souillé de meurtre, jeter à l'écart sa robe tachée de sang, dans la crainte d'être reconnu. Par une étrange faculté il peut faire rentrer dans son sein les petits monstres que l'amour en a fait sortir. Il sommeille des mois entiers, fréquente des tombeaux, habite des lieux inconnus, compose des poisons qui glacent, brûlent ou tachent le corps de sa victime des couleurs dont il est lui-même marqué. Là, il lève deux têtes menaçantes ; ici, il fait entendre une sonnette ; il siffle comme un aigle de montagne ; il mugit comme un taureau. Il s'associe naturellement à toutes les idées morales ou religieuses, comme par une suite de l'influence qu'il eut sur nos destinées : objet d'horreur ou d'adoration, les hommes ont pour lui une haine implacable, ou tombent devant son génie ; le mensonge l'appelle, la prudence le réclame, l'envie le porte dans son cœur, et l'éloquence à son caducée ; aux enfers il arme les fouets des furies, au ciel l'éternité en fait son symbole ; il possède encore l'art de séduire l'innocence ; ses regards enchantent les oiseaux dans les airs ; et, sous la fougère de la crèche, la brebis lui abandonne son lait. Mais il se laisse lui-même charmer par de doux sons ; et, pour le dompter, le berger n'a besoin que de sa flûte.

" Au mois de juillet 1791, nous voyagions dans le Haut-Canada, avec quelques familles sauvages de la nation des Onontagués. Un jour que nous étions arrêtés dans une grande plaine, au bord de la rivière Génésie, un serpent à sonnettes entra dans notre camp. Il y avait parmi nous un Canadien qui jouait de la flûte ; il voulut nous divertir, et s'avança contre le serpent, avec son arme d'une nouvelle espèce. A l'approche de son ennemi, le superbe reptile se forme en spirale, aplatit sa tête, enfle ses joues, contracte ses lèvres, découvre ses dents empoi-

sonnées et sa gueule sanglante : sa double langue brandit comme deux flammes ; ses yeux charbons ardens ; son corps, gonflé de rage, s'abaisse et s'élève comme les soufflets d'une forge ; sa peau, dilatée, devient terne et écailleuse ; et sa queue, dont il sort un bruit sinistre, oscille avec tant de rapidité, qu'elle ressemble à une légère vapeur.

"Alors le Canadien commence à jouer sur sa flûte; le serpent fait un mouvement de surprise, et retire la tête en arrière. A mesure qu'il est frappé de l'effet magique, ses yeux perdent leur âpreté, les vibrations de sa queue se ralentissent, et le bruit qu'elle fait entendre, s'affaiblit et meurt peu à peu. Moins perpendiculaires sur leur ligne spirale, les orbes du serpent charmé, par dégrés s'élargissent, et viennent tour à tour se poser sur la terre en cercles concentriques. Les nuances d'azur, de verd, de blanc et d'or reprennent leur éclat sur sa peau frémissante ; et, tournant légèrement la tête, il demeure immobile dans l'attitude de l'attention et du plaisir.

"Dans ce moment le Canadien marche quelques pas, en tirant de sa flûte des sons doux et monotones ; le reptile baisse son cou nuancé, entr'ouvre avec sa tête les herbes fines, et se met à ramper sur les traces du musicien qui l'entraîne, s'arrêtant lorsqu'il s'arrête, et recommençant à le suivre, quand il recommence à s'éloigner. Il fut ainsi conduit hors de notre camp, au milieu d'une foule de spectateurs, tant Sauvages qu'Européens, qui en croyaient à peine leurs yeux, à cette merveille de la mélodie ; il n'y eut qu'une seule voix dans l'assemblée, pour qu'on laissât le merveilleux serpent s'échapper." — *Ibid.*, pp. 174 – 179.

Note 16. Page 21.

"*Now, he recalls the lamentable wail,*
That pierced the shades of Rama's palmy vale."

See *Matthew* ii. 16 – 18.

Note 17. Page 28.

"*That Mighty Spirit once from Teman came :*
Clouds were his chariot, and his coursers flame."

"God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran," &c. — See *Habakkuk* iii. 3 – 17.

Note 18. Page 28.

"*Thou didst descend, and, rolling through the crowd,*
Inshrine thine ark and altar in thy shroud,
And fill the temple with thy mantling cloud."

"And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, (for all the priests that were present were sanctified, and did not then wait by course : Also the Levites, which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren ; being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets :) It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord ; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, — For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever : that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord ; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud ; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." — 2 *Chron.* v. 11 – 14.

Note 19. Page 30.

This poem was written in the cause of Charity, and at her call, in the year 1816. It was intended, that the recitation of it should form a part of the performances of an evening concert of sacred music, for the benefit of the poor.

I would here remark, that the double rhymes, that occasionally occur in the poem, I have, in most instances, suffered to remain; though they have been complained of, I believe, by the majority of critics, and perhaps by the majority of the public; while, on the other hand, they have met the decided approbation of many, whose taste, in matters of this sort, is entitled to high consideration. They were admitted because I was aware how difficult even a good speaker finds it to recite the best heroic poetry, for any length of time, without perceiving in his hearers the somniferous effects of a regular cadence. The double rhyme was therefore occasionally thrown in, like a ledge of rocks in a smoothly gliding river, to break the current, which, without it, might appear sluggish, and to vary the melody, which might otherwise become monotonous.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MOSLEM WORSHIP.

This is a very pleasant sight,—
The Moslems thronging to the square
That lies before their house of prayer!
Through narrow streets, that lead away,
Some to the plain, some to the bay,
And others towards the castled height
Where frowning walls and portals rent,
Turret and towering battlement,
Tell of Venetian power,— the work
Is now neglected by the Turk,
And flocks of quiet sheep are fed
Within the walls where hosts have bled;
And fig-trees strike their roots between
The stones that arched the magazine.—
Through all these narrow streets, the throng,
Long-robed and turbaned, move along,
And, gathering round a marble fountain
Whose columns, slight and writhed, and old,
A Saracenic roof uphold,

Airy and decked with paint and gold,
They bathe, in water from the mountain,
That, on all sides, from many a spout
Upon the pavement gushes out,
Their feet and arms, their beards and brows;
Then, to the Mosque these men of prayer, —
There are no women with them there, —
Proceed, to offer up their vows.

Within the porch, without the door
That opens to the "Mercy-seat,"
As if the words were whispered round,
"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
Thou standest upon holy ground!"
They leave their slippers on the floor,
And enter. — There, beneath a dome
Less lofty than is that at Rome,
Which, o'er a host of saints in stone,
And virgins in mosaic, swells
To cover one who, on a throne,
Round which are clouds of incense curled,
And organs pealed, and trumpets blown,
And tides of vocal music poured,
Sits, to adore, or be adored
By more than half the Christian world,
— And "plenary indulgence" sells, —
Less lofty than is that, St. Peter,
Lifted, *they say*, above thy bones,
Certainly o'er thy form in bronze,
That near the Baldacchino stands, —

Where, having wiped and kissed its toes,
(Jove's, whilom, as the story goes,*)
I 've seen men kneel, and clasp their hands,
And lift their eyes, with all the air
Of men engaged in fervent prayer: —
I say not that, while kneeling thus,
Howe'er it may appear to us,
They 're worshipping, — that, till they get up,
That molten image they adore,

* "Some christened Jove St. Peter's keys adorn." — POPE.

For myself, notwithstanding the authority of this line of Pope, himself a Catholic, and in opposition to the popular opinion in Protestant countries, I do not believe that the statue in question is the same that once stood, as Jove, under the dome of the Pantheon. The right hand which, as Jove's, must have grasped a thunderbolt, cannot be the same that is now raised, with its finger set in the attitude of episcopal, archiepiscopal, or papal benediction; (my readers will, I hope, excuse my lack of exact knowledge, whether it be episcopal, archiepiscopal, or papal;) and the left hand, as well as the keys that it holds, is equally out of the question: — for what had Jove to do with keys, for letting people into Heaven, or keeping them out?

But it is asked, Though the hands and arms are spurious, may not the rest of the statue be a genuine Jove? I answer, I examined as closely as I could, "with all my eyes," and by the *ring* of the metal. I could detect no other junction of the parts than that which must have been made by the founder. I am, therefore, satisfied that this "molten image" never had any thing to do with Jove; except, as may have been the case, an old Jove was melted down and recast. But I do not see that this should operate to the prejudice of St. Peter. I think the whole a piece of Protestant scandal.

Which o'er St. Peter's bones of yore
The piety of popes hath set up: —
Deeming it on this subject meeter,
Since we 're not under his dominion,
To let each form his own opinion.

There, as I said, beneath a dome
Less lofty than is that at Rome,
But fitter for a worship true,
Since underneath its ample swell
"No God but God" appears to dwell: —
No "graven image" of a saint,
No martyr in his grated cell,
Tortured by grinning imps of hell;
No demigod in stone or paint;
No virgin with her eyes of blue,
And circlet o'er her auburn hair,
Holding her baby in a chair;
No prophet in a lion's den;
No loose-haired, prostrate Magdalen,
With book and death's-head lying by her,
To tell how quenched is all the fire
That raged, like hell's own flames, within her,
While yet she walked the streets "a sinner";—
No angels, soaring towards the dim
And distant heavens; — no cherubim
With chubby cheeks and little wings,
That smile as St. Cecilia sings;
No gilded pannel lifting high
This picture to Devotion's eye,—

Two young men, standing in a stream
(Doubtless the Jordan's sacred bed),
Of whom the junior seems to bow,
Towards the clear wave, his thoughtful brow,
From which a light appears to beam ;
While, with a reverent air, the other, —
You 'd take him for an elder brother, —
Clasped "with a leathern girdle" stoops,
And, with a shell, the water scoops,
And pours it on his kinsman's head ; —
And, o'er them both, a downward dove,
Emblem of innocence and love,
On silver wings is seen to hover
In a strong gush of light, that breaks
Forth from the mouth of one above her,
Robed in a mantle of sky blue,
Whose hoary locks, and beard down flowing,
Look like a fall of feathery flakes,
When, for the last time, it is snowing,
As spring is coming on anew,
And scarce a breath of wind is blowing.

There worship they : — that total dearth
Of likenesses of things that breathe
In heaven above, or earth beneath,
Or waters underneath the earth,
Is witness for them, that they find
A Spirit in those walls enshrined.
As, underneath the dome of blue
That holds the stars, but drops the dew,

And as, within the horizon's rim,
We see God, and no God but him,
So is it in the temple, where
These Moslems bow themselves in prayer.

But, lo! by mounted horsemen led,
The soldiery comes! rank following rank,
Dressed in the fashion of the Frank,
Except that, on their shaven head,
With tassel blue, the cap of red
(Called, in these climes, the Grecian *fez*,)
Shows that, in this part of the globe,
FASHION, who has, for ages, kept her
Turban untouched, and fur-fringed robe,
Must vail hers to a stronger sceptre;
For that, howe'er she may protest,
The court and army shall be dressed
Exactly as the Sultan says.

But not to worship moves this band,
As in my own, a Christian land,
The current towards the temple sets:—
There, clattering scabbards charged with steel,
Helmets and plumes and spur-armed heel,
Muskets with bristling bayonets,
Gleam in the ranks of those who call
The Prince of life and peace their Lord,
Who taught that they who take the sword
For slaughter, by the sword shall fall.
Yes; they, whose only hope to inherit
A crown of glory lies in this,

That, having caught his peaceful spirit,
They 're fitted to partake his bliss,
When to their "chief" a guard they prove,
And, marshalled, to the temple move,
To worship Him whose name is Love,
And to his praise to chant again
The hymn that, at their Saviour's birth,
Was sung by angels, — "Peace on earth!
Glory to God! Good will to men!" —
Move in the spirit of the camp,
To martial airs with martial tramp,
And even into the "PRESENCE" come
With bugle's blast and "tuck of drum."

See, now, in what a different manner
Come *they* before the King of kings,
Whom, as they mount their Arab steeds
For martial show, or martial deeds,
The Sultan's broad, bright scarlet banner
Waves over: — for, although the shade
Of that red banner, — like the sun
That burns above it, — falls upon
Faces that never blanched with fear,
And hands familiar with the spear
And scimetar's elastic blade, —
Warriors, like those, — (for in their sons
Máhomed's blood and Omar's runs,) —
Whose squadrons, by their Prophet led,
Looked at the Crescent o'er their head,
Gave and received the battle shock,
And onward, like a torrent, poured,

Carrying the Koran on the sword,
From Tigris's bank to Tarik's Rock,—
Yet, when these servants of a lord,
Whose faith was planted with the sword,
Move to the place where prayer is made,
They put their arms off, to a man,—
Pistols and sword and yataghan,—
And all the host, without parade,
Flows on, with movement calm and grave,
As does their own Caÿster's wave.
Move on, young men! 't is not in vain
That ye before Jehovah bow;
I never more shall see your train
As I, with reverence, see it now;
But there is One who e'er will see,
And to your prayer his ear will bend;—
The One who has been good to me
Ye worship, and he is your Friend.
I would, indeed, that ye could hear
The Word our Holy Book enshrines;
I would, indeed, that ye could rear
The Cross where now the Crescent shines!
But, till ye can, I will not close
My eyes against the proofs I see
That, in your hearts, the feeling glows
Of reverence for the Deity.
For, as I climb the hill that swells
From this, your Smyrna's, blooming plain,
And listen to the camels' bells,
And see their slowly winding train,

There seems a spirit in the air,
Inviting me to thought and prayer.

I look down on the cypress groves
That darken o'er the crowded dead,
And muse on all the hopes and loves
Of those who there have made their bed,
And ask myself if all that host,
Whose turbaned marbles o'er them nod,*
Were doomed, when giving up the ghost,
To die as those who have no God!
No, no, my God! They worshipped Thee;
Then let not doubts my spirit darken,
That thou, who always hearest me,
To these, thy children too, didst hearken.

On Asia's ancient hills I tread;
There 's something in the air that 's holy.
Here have my brethren made their bed,
And soon my sleep will be as lowly.

* No one who has seen, and mused by the side of, a Turkish burying-ground, like those of Smyrna, Constantinople, and Scútari, will charge me with using this word merely for the sake of the rhyme. The slender marble shaft, surmounted with a head heavily turbaned, often inclining over the grave that it marks, particularly when seen by moonlight, needs but little aid from the imagination to become a white-robed friend "standing guard" over the dead, till, overcome by the drowsiness of the place, as well as by the length of his vigils, he seems about to fall, in a profound sleep, upon the bosom of the sleeper at his feet.

But hark! what is that mellow call,
That comes as from the bending sky,
And o'er the listening city swells
Sweeter than all our Christian bells,
And seems upon the ear to fall
Like angel voices from on high?
'T is the Muëzzin's monotone,
That, ere the stooping sun has set,
Is heard from yon tall minaret
Breaking out, solemn and alone,
And dying on the quiet air, —
"Lo, God is great! To prayer! To prayer!"
Is it thus holy, all around,
Because the hill I stand upon,
One of *our* earliest churches crowned, —
The church of the Apostle John?
O no! Where'er the people pray,
Bowing upon their hills around,
To Him who clothes those hills with day,
There, there, for me, is holy ground!
Let me recall, — it is the last, —
This grateful vision of the past.

The Euxine's breath was fresh and cool,
As down the Bosphorus it flowed;
I was returning to Stamboul,
From our *Chargé's* retired abode. —
The golden sun was not yet down,
But in the west was hanging low,
And gilding with a richer glow
The Crescents of the distant town.

Far, far without its triple wall,
O'er which the mantling ivies fall,
There stood forth a young Tactico *
Before his hut; and to the sky
Now calmly raising his dark eye,
Now looking down, with both hands pressed
Across each other on his breast,
Now falling on his bended knees
Before Him who in secret sees,
Then bowing lowly towards the south,
With both hands covering his mouth
And resting on the fresh, green sod,
Was offering, all alone, to God
His sacrifice of evening prayer. —
He knew not that I saw him there;
And never, never, have I seen,
In Christian temple, high or low,
A worshipper that moved *me* so
As did that Turkish Tactico,
Bowing beneath the arch of blue, —
That, to refresh that sacred sod,
Was just then dropping down its dew, —
And offering on that altar green
His evening sacrifice to God!

O thus, ye Moslems, bow for ever,
And put the Christian world to shame!
But, brethren, brethren, will ye never
Your practice from your faith dissever,

* *Regular*, i. e. one of the regular army. Gr. *ταχτικός*.

And worship in another name ?
Still let devotion's incense burn,
And mingle with your dying breath,
But from Arabia's Prophet turn,
And look to Him of Nazareth !
Whether within the gay kiosk
Ye offer up your daily prayer,
Or in the silence of the mosque,
When, voiceless, ye are bowing there,
Or in the hum of the bazaar, —
Think not of your Apostle's urn,
Nor yet to your Ca ba turn,
But turn, O turn, towards Bethlehem's Star !

Long has your Crescent's light been waning ;
'T is waning, and yet more must wane ;
While that bright Star new strength is gaining,
And must go on new strength to gain.
O turn, then, to its growing light !
The Moon nor rules nor leads the day ;
Her power is only felt at night,
But fades before the morning's ray.
Your faith, beneath the eye of Truth
Must blench, and at her touch will fail ;
While ours must e'er renew her youth,
As knowledge shall o'er earth prevail : —
For earth, with its all-clasping seas,
Is weighed by her anointed ones,
And Science hath revealed to these
The heavens with all their hosts of suns.

Then, from your Crescent's face so pale,
Whene'er ye worship, turn away ;
And, as ye see our Day-Star burn
With broader splendor, to it turn ;
And, kneeling in its radiance, say,
"Hail! rising Star of Bethlehem, hail!"

1837.

"PASSING AWAY." — A DREAM.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore? —
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words: — as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;
(As you 've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

O how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed: — in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride; —
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,

Was a little dimmed, — as when Evening steals
Upon Noon's hot face: — Yet one could n't but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day; —
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet, just as busily, swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone, —
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay,) —
"Passing away! passing away!"

1837.

TO MY GRAVE.

I LOOK upon thee as a place of rest—
To me, of welcome rest; for I am tired!
I do not mean that I am tired of life,—
Of seeing the good sun, and the green trees;
Of hearing the sad whisper of the pine
That shades thee, as the summer's sun goes down,
And shields thee, too, from winter's howling blasts.—
That whisper is too thoughtful and too sad
To tire my spirit, for it is of *peace*.
It is the very voice of the Lord God,
That Adam heard walking among the trees
Of his own garden, in the cool of day:
And, as I hear it, I would not retire,
Or hide myself from HIM who soothes me thus.
I am not tired of the sweet light that falls,
My grave, upon thee in the smiling spring,
Or in those sober days when autumn strews
His rustling leaves so plentifully round;
Nor, of the light, still sweeter, that the moon
Sheds from the holy sky, while, through its vault

She walks in queenly beauty. But I 'm tired
Of the false smile, that lightens up the face
Of hollow-hearted, cold, and selfish man;
As moonlight glances from the treacherous ice
That sheets yon river's bosom o'er, but breaks,
Whene'er you trust its strength, and lets you in.
I 'm tired of all the heartless show of love
For whatsoever things are pure, or true,
Or just, or lovely, or of good report,
Whene'er these things are seen or thought to stand
In Fashion's, or in sordid Mammon's way.

No, I 'm not tired of life; — nor am I tired
Of duty, toil, or trial. From the cup
My Father giveth, bitter though it be,
O, let me never turn my lips away,
Or, froward, lift my hand to push it from them.
But I *am* tired of sowing where the thorns, —
The cares and the deceitfulness of riches, —
Not only choke the word and make it fruitless,
But pierce my feet, — though I would humbly hope
They 're with the Gospel's preparation shod, —
And where there are rough hands to cut those thorns
And twist them into withes around my temples,
Or, like the Roman lictor's gory rods,
Ply them to scourge me, bleeding, from the field, —
The field where I, so many years, have borne
The burden and the heat of my life's day;
And where it is "my heart's desire and prayer,"
That I may close my labors and my life.

My grave! I 've marked thee on this sunny slope,
The warm, dry slope of Auburn's wood-crowned hill,
That overlooks the Charles, and Roxbury's fields,
That lie beyond it, as lay Canaan's green
And smiling landscape beyond Jordan's flood,
As seen by Moses. Standing by thy side,
I see the distant city's domes and spires.
There stands the church within whose lofty walls
My voice for truth, and righteousness, and God, —
But all too feebly, — has been lifted up
For more than twenty years, but now shall soon
Be lifted up no more. I chose this spot,
And marked it for my grave, that, when my dust
Shall be united to its kindred dust,
They who have loved me, — should there any such
E'er stand beside it and let fall a tear, —
May see the temple where I toiled so long,
And toiled, I fear, in vain. No, not in vain
For *all* who 've come to offer, in that house,
Their weekly sacrifice of praise and prayer!
For there are some, I humbly hope and trust,
To whom my voice, in harmony with truth,
Hath helped to make that house "the gate of heaven."
May there be many such! But, O my grave,
When my cold dust is sleeping here, in thee,
The question that shall most concern the spirit
That shall have left that dust, and gone to give
Its dread account in, at the bar of God,
Will not be, "What success hath crowned thy labors?"
But, "With what faithfulness were they performed?"

Here, as I muse beside my last, low bed,
I think upon my answer.

"Lord, thou knowest!
Man never knew me as thou knowest me.
I never could reveal myself to man.
For neither had I, while I lived, the power,
To those who were the nearest to my heart
To lay that heart all open, as it was,
And as thou, Lord, hast seen it. Nor could they,
Had every inmost feeling of my soul
By seraphs' lips been uttered, e'er have had
The ear to hear it, or the soul to feel.
The world has seen the surface only of me: —
Not that I 've striven to hide myself from men: —
No, I have rather labored to be known: —
But, when I would have spoken of my faith,
My cómmunings with thee, my heaven-ward hope,
My love for thee and all that thou hast made,
The perfect peace in which I looked on all
Thy works of glorious beauty, — then it seemed
That thou alone couldst understand me, Lord,
And so my lips were sealed; — or the world's phrase,
The courteous question or the frank reply,
Alone escaped them. I have ne'er been known,
My Father, but by thee: and I rejoice
That thou, who mad'st me, art to be my Judge;
For, in *thy* judgments, thou rememberest mercy.
I cast myself upon them. Like thy laws,
They are all true and right. The law, that keeps

This planet in her path around the sun,
Keeps all her sister planets, too, in theirs,
And all the other shining hosts of heaven.
All worlds, all times, are under that one law;
For what binds one, binds all. So all thy sons
And daughters, clothed in light, — hosts brighter far
Than suns and planets, — spiritual hosts,
Whose glory is their goodness, — have one law,
The perfect law of love, to guide them through
All worlds, all times. Thy Kingdom, Lord, is one.
Life, death, earth, heaven, eternity, and time
Lie all within it; and what blesses now
Must ever bless, — LOVE OF THINGS TRUE AND RIGHT.

"Father, thou knowest whether, when thou saidst
'Go, feed my sheep,' I fed them with things true,
And that, because I loved thy truth and them;
Or whether I kept back from them thy truth,
And doled out falsehood, spiced with flattery,
Because they loved and asked it; and because
Not for the flock I cared, but for the fleece.

"'Lord, thou hast searched and known me,' and to
thee,
With humble but unfaltering confidence,
With faith that triumphed o'er the fear of death,
And o'er its pains, — at thy most welcome call
My spirit now hath come, with thine to dwell,
And be for ever, as it long hath been,
At one with thee. Father, I ask thee not

To make me ruler over many things,
If, in a few, thou mayst have seen me faithful.
To be at one with thee is all I ask ;
'T is all the heaven my spirit can enjoy ;
'T is all I 've prayed for, or can ever pray ; —
Let me, beneath the covert of thy wing,
Henceforth be shielded from the shafts, that pierced
My spirit while I served thee in the flesh, —
The arrows that were tipped with fire, and winged
By men who knew me not, and could not know.
'Father, forgive them!' for they thought the world
Was made for Mammon's throne ; and that the man
Who, at their call, stood up within thy courts
To speak of things belonging to their peace,
Must make the Gospel pliant to the form
Of 'the law merchant'; — that the Prophet's roll,
The Apostle's girdle, and the Saviour's vesture
Must all be shaped to fit their golden god,
Or else, as worthless shreds, be thrown aside.
Forgive them, Father, for they did not know
'The glorious Gospel of the blessed God.'
Thou mad'st it mine to preach that Gospel to them.
Thou knowest whether faithfully I preached,
And whether faithfully they heard, or not.
Thou knowest all my weaknesses and theirs.
Judge thou between us ; but, in judgment, Lord,
Remember mercy both to them and me!"

My grave, I 'm ready for thee. I would fain,
Were it my Father's will, put by the cup,

The bitter cup, of sharp or chronic pain,
Or wasting sickness, — for that bitter cup
The hand of God's most holy providence
Hath oft commended to my feverish lips ;
And deep, already, have I drunk of it.
Fain would I, if I might, be spared the scene
Of wife and children round my dying bed,
Kneeling in prayer, or to my last poor words
Bending with tearful eyes. And I would fain
Banish the thought of shroud, of coffin-lid,
Of cold hands folded on my breast, and of the chill
That will strike through the frame of all who touch
My marble forehead. I would banish, too,
The thought, that I shall hear the funeral prayer,
And see the funeral train when my remains
Are hither borne. And I would gladly drive,
Far and for ever from my heart, the thought,
That, when the widow and the fatherless
Return to their lone dwelling, they 'll be left
To the world's charity, and all its trials, —
(Almighty God ! they will be left to thee.)
But, when all this is over, and the dust
Hath with the dust commingled, as it was,
And when the spirit hath returned to Him
Who gave it, and who guarded it while here,
And entered there into its heavenly rest,
As it *will* enter ; — and when on thy turf,
My grave, the sun shall pour his mellow light,
And the stars drop their dew, and the full moon
Look down serenely, and the summer birds

Shall sing among the branches that o'erhang
The stone that bears my name, to tell whose grave
Thou art; — O then I shall no longer feel,
As I now feel, tired, tired, and sick at heart,
And, by my very weariness, impelled
To look with longing toward thee, and to stand,
As now I do stand over thee, and say,
"I 'm ready to lie down in thee, my grave!"

1840.

A SUNDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

How sadly hath this Sabbath day,
O God, been spent by me,
Cribbed close beneath a narrow deck,
Washed by the frequent sea,
An adverse wind careering o'er me
From those eastern clouds,
And complaining as its shivering wings
Sweep through my roaring shrouds!

This humble deck, so near to which
My rocking couch is spread,
That I strike it if incautiously
I lift my throbbing head,
Hath all day told, and tells me still,
Of falling sleet and rain,
While I have lain alone beneath,
In weariness and pain.

Nay, not "alone"; for, though no voice
Of wife or children dear,
Or friend, or fellow worshipper,
Hath fallen upon my ear,
Hast thou not, even here, O God,
Thy face and favor shown?
Then, how have I been desolate,
Or how am I alone?

And, while the wind hath roared above,
And tossed the raging sea,
Have not my silent orisons,
My God, gone up to thee?
To thee, who sittest on the flood,
And ridest on the storm,
And biddest every wind that blows
Some work of love perform.

And though the winds have tossed, and though
The waves have washed, my deck,
It hath not by their weight been sunk,
Or driven ashore a wreck;
For, though thou hast not hushed the blast,
Nor bid its fury cease,
Thou 'st brought me up and sheltered me
Behind the hills of Greece.

It was not, my Preserver, thus
The lines were made to fall,

In this same season,* these same seas,
Unto thy servant Paul,
Who, by this same Euroclydon,
Was driven till he, at last,
On Malta's rock, from which I 've come,
A shivering wreck, was cast.

Then let me murmur not, that I
This livelong day have lain
In weakness and in weariness,
In loneliness and pain ;
But rather, when I think of Paul,
Thy mercy let me bless,
That, though I 've served thee less than he,
I 've also suffered less.

Yet wilt thou not forgive me, Lord,
If, on this holy day,
I think of those I love, and think
How far they are away ;
And if that house of thine, where I
Have served thee many a year,
That pleasant house, should claim from me
The tribute of a tear ?

Within its walls, even now, though Night
O'er me hath spread her wing,

* St. Paul's day, that is, the day of his shipwreck, is fixed ; and I witnessed the celebration of it in Malta, on the 10th inst.

I see my friends, my family,
My flock, all worshipping;
For, between the pastor and his flock,
The foamy crests are curled,
That whiten o'er the waters of
A quarter of the world.*

And if he lifts to thee his eyes,
With tears and darkness dim,
And asks if, in their prayers, his friends,
His flock remember him,
Let not the thought of self, that thus
Intrudes upon their prayers,
Be set down as a sin, O God,
In thy sight or in theirs!

That holy house, where I have stood,
And where these hands of mine,
So many years, have ministered
The monthly bread and wine,
That "do show forth" the Saviour's love
And bring to mind the debt
Of those he hath redeemed from sin,
— Can I that house forget?

* The 93 degrees of longitude, that lie between Cape Matapan and Boston, make a difference, in time, of about 6¼ hours; so that, while these thoughts are passing through my mind, "in my meditations upon my bed," between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, my people are in the midst of their afternoon service.

Forget those little children, too,
" Whose angels do behold
Their Father's face," whose names, on earth,
Are with thy church enrolled,
And on whose brows, unfurrowed yet
By time, or care, or sin,
The water I have thrown, that speaks
Of purity within?

Forget the dead! — forget the dead!
What witness do they bear
Of my influence on their spirits, that
Are now beyond my care?
That I have spoken faithfully?
Or that I, through fear, was dumb
" Of righteousness, and temperance,
And of the world to come "?

The dead! What witness, O my soul,
In their abodes of bliss,
Or from their seats of woe, must they
Have borne of me, in this?
And they who 're yet alive, what will,
What ought to be, the amount
Of their report, when, in their turn,
They go to give account?

Can I forget the mourning ones,
Who 've brought their load of grief,
And, at thine altar laid it down,
And found in prayer relief?

Forget the needy, who their wants
Have there before thee spread?
Or the liberal hand that there hath given
The poor their daily bread?

Forget the young, who, having laid
Their parents in the dust,
Came up, in One who cannot die,
To learn to place their trust?
Forget the hoary-headed ones,
Who 've bent their feeble knees,
With me so long in prayer? — O God,
Can I forget all these?

And, when I do remember all
Whose worship I have led,
How can I but indulge the hope,
When taken from their head,
That they whose kindness in my heart
Will ever be enshrined,
When they have bowed before the Lord,
Have borne me in their mind?

And *how* am I remembered, then? —
As a watchman, loving sleep?
As a shepherd, who hath sought his ease,
And cared not for the sheep?
Or as one who, aware that his time was short,
That his day would soon be o'er,

With more of zeal than of wisdom wrought,
Till he could work no more?

Shall I, then, "work no more"? — or wilt
Thou bring me back at length,
To serve thee in thy courts again,
With renovated strength?
And, when the people of my care
Within those courts I meet,
Will the same faces welcome me,
The same kind voices greet?

No: there are eyes that rolled in light,
When I launched upon the wave,
And that, before I can return,
Will have closed in the sleep of the grave:
And are there not those which fell on me then,
With a warm and a friendly ray,
And which, when they see me again, will turn
With an icy glare away?

O Father, by thy chastening hand,
That now is laid on me,
In weakness and in wandering
Upon this wintry sea;
In absence from thy holy house,
To which I loved to go,
And from my home, my happy home,
And them who make it so, —

By all this discipline of thine, —
All which, I know, is just, —
Shall I be made a wiser man,
And worthier of my trust?
An answer, O my guardian God,
Thy wisdom will prepare;
And what thy wisdom shall appoint,
It will be mine to bear.

At sea, "lying to," behind
Cape Matapan, 14 February, 1836.

RUINS AT PÆSTUM.

Call ye these "ruins"? What is ruined here?
What fallen shaft, — what broken capital, —
What architraves or friezes, scattered round, —
What leaning walls, with ivy overrun,
Or forced asunder by the roots of trees,
That have struck through them, tell you here was once
A finished temple, — now o'erthrown by time?

Seems it not, rather, a majestic fane,
Now going up, in honor of some god,
Whose greatness or whose beauty had impressed
The builder's soul with reverence profound
And an entire devotion? It is true,
No tools of architects are seen around,
Compass, or square, or plummet with its line;
Else, one might argue that the artisans
Had gone to dinner, and would soon return,
To carry on the work they had begun,
And, thus far, done so well. Yet, long ago,
The laborers who hewed these massy blocks,

And laid them where they lie; who grooved these shafts
To such a depth, and with such perfect truth,
Were called off from their work; not called, indeed,
With sweating brow, to eat their daily bread;
But to lie down in the long sleep of death,
To rest from all their labors, and to mix
Their own dust with the dust that autumn's blasts
Or summer's whirlwind drives across this plain,
And through these voiceless temples, that now stand,
Their only, their mysterious monument.

Mysterious? Ay; for, if ye ask what age
Beheld these temples rise, or in what tongue
The service was performed, or to what god
This fane or that was dedicate, no name,
Inscribed along the architrave, records
By whom, or to whom, wherefore built, or when.
And, if ye ask the Muse of History,
"*Non mi ricordo*," is her sole reply.
Tradition, too, that prates of all things else,
Is silent as to this. One only ray
Shoots through the darkness that broods o'er these fanes;
But that is not more worthy of our trust,
Than is the *ignis fatuus* that, at times,
Swims doubtfully by night across this plain,
Seeking, not finding rest. It is the ray
Thrown from the lamp of Logic, reasoning thus:
She has been told that Pæstum's ancient name
Was *Posidonia*. She has also learned
That, by the Greeks, old Neptune, ocean's god,

Was called *Poseidon.* "Ergo," says the dame,
Who, from slight data, draws conclusions grave,
"Pæstum was Neptune's city; and the fane
That, in its grandeur and magnificence,
Excels the rest, must have been Neptune's temple."
But wherefore Neptune's? Standing on this plain,
That stretches seaward for a league or more,
These massy columns never could have seen
Themselves reflected from the glassy wave,
When it lay sleeping on the nearest shore;
Nor could the surge, when lifted by the storm,
Have ever fallen, and bathed their feet in foam.
Nor could old ocean's monarch, while he dwelt
Within his own domains, have e'er beheld
The votive gifts suspended on these walls,
Or heard the prayers or praises offered here;
Unless, indeed, the zealous worshipper
Had, with a trumpet, called upon his god,
And spoken in thunders louder than his own;
Or, — which is far from probable, — unless
The god had taken a carriage at the beach,
And been set down here at his own expense,
Whene'er he wished to show his peaceful head*
To those who bowed in worship at his shrine.

I 've seen seven columns, standing now at Corinth,
On five of which, — for two bear nothing up, —
Some portion of the entablature remains;
And that old ruin the same style displays

* "Placidum caput." — *Virg. Æn.* I. 127.

Of severe Doric beauty, that prevails
In these grave works of hoar antiquity.
But to what god rose the Corinthian fane,
Or when, or by what architect, 't was reared,
How much below the time of Sisyphus,
Who laid the corner-stone of Corinth's state,
How much above the era of Timoleon,
Whom that proud state commissioned to dethrone
The tyrant Dionysius, and convey
A Grecian colony to Syracuse, —
'T is all unknown. The ruins there, and here,
Of the same genius speak, and the same age;
And in the same oblivion both have slept
For more than two millenniums. Roman bards *
Have of the *rosaries* of Pæstum sung,
Twice blooming in a year. And he who first
Held in his hands the empire of the world, —
Augustus Cæsar, — visited this spot,
As I do now, to muse among these columns,
Of times whose works remain, whose history 's lost.

And yet the palace of that same Augustus,
Built, as you know, upon the Palatine,
With all that Rome could do to hold it up
Beneath the pressure of the hand of Time,
Is now all swept away, even to the floor.
This little piece of marble, *jaune antique*, —
Which now I use, to keep these Sibyl leaves

* "Biferique rosaria Pæsti." — *Virg. Georg.* IV. 119.
"Tepidique rosaria Pæsti." — *Ovid. Met.* XV. 708.

(As she of Cumæ cared not to keep hers) *
From floating off, on every wind that blows,
Before the printer gives them leave to fly, —
Once formed a part of that same palace floor.
Among the weeds and bushes that o'erhang
The giant arches that the floor sustained,
I picked it up. Those arches, and the mass
Of bricks beneath them, and the floor above,
And bushes as aforesaid hanging o'er,
And, with their roots, helping the elements
To pry apart what Roman masons joined,
And fit the lower creature for the use
Of the superior, — converting thus
Things inorganic, mortar, bricks, and stones,
To soil, that it may feed organic life,
Grass, flowers, and trees, that they, in turn, may serve
As food for animals, and they for man,
According to the eternal laws of God, —
Are all, of Cæsar's palace, that remains.

But of *this* solemn temple, not a shaft
Hath fallen, nor yet an architrave or frieze,
Triglyph or metope. Dissolution's work,
The work of frost and moisture, cold and heat,
Has not, on this old sanctuary, begun.
The suns and rains of ages seem not yet,
On any one of all these ponderous stones,
To have given root to the minutest plant.

* "Nec revocare situs, aut jungere carmina *curat*." — *Virg. Æn.* III. 451.

Not even a lichen or a moss has dared
To fix itself and flourish on these dry
And everlasting blocks of travertine.
The sun has only touched them with a tinge
Of his own gold. And, as I sit between
These columns, and observe how gently fall
His beams upon them, and how soft and calm
The air is, as it sleeps upon their sides,
(Even now, though 't is a January day,)
How gingerly that quick-eyed lizard runs,
In the warm sunshine, up and down their grooves,
It seems as if the very heavens and earth,
With all the elements and creeping things,
Had formed a league to keep eternal silence
Within, above, and all around this pile,
To see how many ages more 't would stand.

Methinks, even now, as the soft wind flows through
These noble colonnades, as through the strings
Of an Æolian harp, I hear a low
And solemn voice, — it is the temple's voice, —
Though in what language it addresses me,
Greek, Latin, or Italian, it were hard
For Mezzofanti or the Polyglot,
Without a close attention, to decide ;
For, since this temple pycnostyle hath stood,
It hath been exercised in many a tongue ;
And to my ear it says, or seems to say :

" Stranger, I know as little of the world
From which thou com'st, as thou dost of the time

From which I came; 't is only yesterday
To me, that it was known there was a world
West of the promontories thou 'st heard called
The 'Pillars' of my old friend Hercules.
I was so young, when I was first set up,
That I 've forgotten who my builders were,
Or to what god my altars were devoted;
Else would I tell thee; for, I know the Muse
Would, through the lines which thou wilt write of me,
Preserve the knowledge to all future time!
But Hercules, — the friend of whom I 've spoken, —
I well remember, and for ever shall:
For, once he sat where thou art sitting now.
It was, I think, when he was on his way
From Thebes far westward, when he went to help
Atlas, his father-in-law, hold up the heavens.
I told him, *then*, that if he 'd bring them here,
And lay them on my shoulders, I 'd uphold
The whole of them to all eternity.

"Excuse what, to thy cold and western ear,
May savour, somewhat, of hyperbole!
But, friend, it is the privilege of age
To be *laudator acti temporis*.
And, long since then, I 've heard events, unmoved,
Which shook all Italy with their report,
And, ever since, have echoed round the globe.
For, I was quite in years, when Hannibal
Came down the Alps, and at the river Ticin,
Which, on thy journey homeward, thou shalt cross,
O'erthrew the Romans under Scipio:

When, after that, by Thrasymenè's lake, —
(Thou canst not have forgotten the nice fish
Thou at'st, one night, upon the same lake's shore,
Or how, like the good wife of Abraham,
Thy pretty hostess laughed, in unbelief,
When, in the papers of the Pope's police,
Thou didst report thyself 'a clerkly man,'
Because thou worest not a monkish garb!) —
The Roman legions, that Flaminius led,
Were, by the Carthaginian, overthrown,
In such a desperate, all-engrossing shock,
That even an earthquake walked unnoticed by!
And when, still later, the same African
Sent forty thousand Romans to the shades,
And their gold rings, by bushels, o'er to Carthage,
From yonder field of Cannæ; the small stream,
Bridged by the bodies of the Roman dead,
Is still called 'Sanguinetto,' — *Bloody Brook;*
(Thou hast one, I 've been told, in thine own land.)
When all these empire-shaking shocks were felt,
I heard them all, and heard them all unmoved.

"But later still, when, had the conqueror gone
With nothing but the panic of his name,
And said, in thunder, to the gates of Rome,
'Lift up your heads, Eternal City's gates,
And let the Conqueror of Rome come in!'
Those gates would have swung open, — O, when I
Then saw those Africans sink down and doze
On the soft bosom of Parthenopè;
When they who scaled the Alps, and stemmed the Po,

(A very muddy river that, you 'll find,)
And stood against the arms of Rome's best men,
Within the arms of Capua's worst women
Fell, as fell Samson in Delilah's lap;
Then *was* I moved, indeed; yea, deeply moved,
At the same time with gladness and with grief,
For though for Rome I smiled, I wept for man!

"Stranger, beware! for still Parthenopè,
From whose bewitching smile thou hast withdrawn,
To visit these drear solitudes, and muse
For a few hours among my colonnades,
Spreads all the snares that were by Capua spread,
The indolent and thoughtless to destroy.
But '*sapienti verbum sat!*' Thou goest,
And I no more shall see thee; but I pray,
(I see thou takest pleasure in my stones!)
Spare me, as Time hath spared; though I am sure
I owe him little thanks; for I have felt
The hackings of his scythe, (now somewhat dulled,
Thou 'lt *guess*,— thou sayest thou art from Yankee land,)
For some few thousand years; and I leave thee
To judge which hath the better of the game:
So, lift nor hand, nor hammer, I entreat,
To break a fragment, as 'a specimen'
Of the strange, hard, but spongy-looking stone
That the Silaro, (which from yonder hills
Thou seëst flowing to Salerno's gulf,)
Turns all things into, that it falls upon:
I 've heard the same thing of Medusa's eyes!
O, treat me not as did the plundering Pict

My fair young sister, hight 'the Parthenon,'
Whom thou shalt see, and seeing shalt deplore,
When thou shalt visit the Acropolis.
Yea, spare me, friend, and spare me, all ye gods,
From virtuosi, earthquakes, Elgins spare,
And let me have my tussle out with TIME!"

A BIRTHDAY IN SCIO.

I LANDED there on the day of my birth, —
The day that the city was swept from the earth;
Though thirteen years had floated away
On the stream of time since that bloody day.

There had been a strong southeaster blowing,
The night before and afternoon;
And the clouds, as night came on, were throwing
So much of mystery round the moon,
That, — what above, and what below, —
Things looked so squally, all on board
Concurred in thinking Captain Ford
Spoke wisely, when he said, "No, no;
I shall put in, and try to keep
Where the ladies, who 're aboard, may sleep."

So I 'd slept on board, the night before,
In the snug little port; while, round the isle,
The breakers thundered on the shore,
Like a line of sea-dogs, chafed and hoar,
Bounding and barking for many a mile.

Yet, though, "outside," those dogs might prowl,
We lay where the wave was "calm as a clock";
And, though afar off we could hear the dogs howl,
And sometimes their nearer and hoarser growl,
I could sleep, and I *did* sleep, "like a rock."

But morning came! — an April morn;
And, though the winds were felt no more,
The waters still were landward borne,
And still the waves came combing o'er,
And fringed with foam the eastern shore;
And there rolled along so heavy a swell,
Between the Island and Tshesmé,
That the captain thought he might as well
Not venture round Phanæ Point, that day.

O, how I blessed the restless deep,
That it sunk not with the winds to sleep!
For it gave me a day on Scio's isle, —
A day that I shall not soon forget;
For the earth's sweet face, and the blue heaven's smile,
And the sea that glittered all round, the while,
As I then beheld them, haunt me yet.

Well, we 're ashore! Here hath Oppression's rod
Wrought its worst work, where the good hand of God
Seems to have wrought its fairest and its best.
That guardian mountain,* towering in the west, —

* Mount Opus, a little to the northwest of the city; — I should *guess* about 4000 feet high.

His fertile flanks, — the plains that stretch away,
East and southeast, — all basking in the ray
Of such a sun! How could there ever be
A lovelier island lifted from the sea!
Yet here hath Ruin driven her ploughshare deep!
Few here survive, the many slain to weep,
And few now wander, lonely, on this shore,
Their captive sons and daughters to deplore.*

These magazines, — once glutted with the stores
Of what the Euxine down the Bosphorus pours, —
Of Brusa's silks, — of stuffs from Angora's looms,
Of all the colors of the peacock's plumes, —
Of cotton goods from Europe's Island Queen, —
Of Samian wine, — of oil from Mitylene, —
Of corn, that from the coast of Barbary comes, —
Of dates from Egypt, and Arabian gums, —
All empty now, lie open to the sky:
Nothing to sell here, and no one to buy!

"Paithiske,† (damsel,) canst thou tell me where
The College stood?" She answers, with the air

* It is estimated, that, of the 80,000 inhabitants of Scio, 20,000 were butchered on the spot, or hung up on the yard-arms of the Turkish fleet, either lying off the island, or when the fleet, on its return, came in sight of Constantinople; that 20,000 were carried into captivity, — chiefly the handsomest women and boys; that 15,000 escaped to some of the neighbouring islands. The rest sought shelter in the mountain fastnesses.

† *Παιδίσκη μας!* "My little girl!" — *Modern Greek.* For the benefit of *learners*, both inside and outside of the college

Of one who feels unequal to the task,
" Ohe," * (I cannot,) " but I 'll run and ask."
And back she comes with knowledge in her eye,
And leads me round, through places wet and dry, —
O'er heaps of brick, one clambers up with pain,
Round open cellars partly filled with rain, —
Until, at last, " Ethó ! " † ('T was here !) she cries;
And joy and wonder sparkle in her eyes,
As, with the true Greek appetite for gains,
She pockets a piastre for her pains.

And is this formless mass of prostrate walls
All that remains of Scio's college halls?
Those halls to which the children of the isles,
For Panayéa's ‡ and Minerva's smiles,
Thronged, till their spreading light, like kindling morn,
Flashed on the waters of the Golden Horn,
And broke the slumbers of Mahmoud's Divan?
Yes, this is all ! and the wayfaring man
Who, after thirteen years, would see the spot,
Finds, it was never known, or is forgot;

walls, I would remark, that, wherever the Greek is a *spoken* language, the *δ* is sounded precisely like *th* in *this*. As for *teachers*, tutors, professors, &c., they will go on giving this letter the force of the English *d*. The case with them, I fear, is hopeless; for how much better is the *old* way than the *right* way !

* Ὄχι, No; *χ* like *h* in *house*.

† Ἐδώ, Here.

‡ Παναγία, All Holy; pronounced *Panayéa*. The modern Greek appellation of the Virgin Mary.

While every peasant, who is not a fool,
Will lead me, if I wish, to HOMER's school.*

I mount a mule, and to the country ride.
High walls confine the road on either side;
Mile after mile presents the same sad scene,
Of princely seats, with orange groves between;
Mansions of merchant princes, that once vied
With those of Venice, both in grace and pride;
But now those mansions speak of Moslem ire.
Roofless and windowless, they show that fire
Here had its perfect work. The walls yet stand,
And seem to whisper, "Lend us, friend, a hand!"
Ay, had a Yankee, — had even I, — this "place,"
How soon I 'd make it wear another face!
New floored, new roofed, and thoroughly new glazed,
The battered court-yard gate and fences raised,
The garden dressed, all trimmed the mastic trees,
I, in my palace hall, might sit at ease,
And see a paradise around me bloom;
And, as the fragrant night-breeze filled my room,
Flowing through open casements; and the moon
Silvered the scene around me; or, at noon,
As in an hour like this, in blooming spring,
I heard my marble fountain murmuring,
And saw my noble orange groves unfold
Their snowy blossoms and their fruit of gold, —
Say, "For this palace must I thank *thee*, War!"
Well, — I may have it for the asking for!

* The *locality* of this is pointed out with great confidence by the Sciotes.

But, would I *take* it? When I turn my eye
Where yon Mount Opus swells into the sky,
Those cliffs that look down on the plains below,
Ring with the answer, — "Wouldst thou take it? — No!
For 'come up hither!' — we can tell
A tale to freeze a Western freeman's blood; —
When, from our height, we saw the swell,
And heard the rush, of war's infernal flood
Through all that city's bleeding lanes,
O'er all the villas of those blooming plains;
We opened, then, our dens and caves
To the poor peasants. Behold, here, their graves!
The fleet of foot to these, our caverns, sped;
To these our heights and cavern-depths, alike,
The hell-hounds followed where the blood-hounds led, —
The brutes to mangle, and the fiends to strike!
We trembled then, at the deep death-note
Pealed from the panting bull-dog's throat, —
The flash, — the echo and the smoke, —
The yell, — the stab, — the sabre stroke, —
The musket shot, — the frenzied shriek, —
The death-groan of the hunted Greek, —
Till our white feet with streams of gore were dyed,
And mangled limbs were strown on every side, —
With many a skull by Turkish sabre cleft;
Our vultures finished what their blood-hounds left!
The arm that, thirteen years ago,
Bathed, elbow-deep, in Sciote blood,
Still sways, o'er us and all below,
The iron sceptre of Mahmoud!

And would'st thou, stranger, — were all free, —
Take any villa thou canst see,
To dwell therein? Beware! Beware!
The sword hangs o'er thee by a hair!"

Fair Scio! as I pass along thy shore,
Through waters that the brave Kanaris bore,
Where, at one blow, thou wast avenged so well,
And where the Butcher of thy children fell;
Ere yet I lose thee in the deepening blue,
So lone, so lovely, art thou to my view, —
(For nothing lonelier lies beneath the sun,
And nothing lovelier doth he look upon!)
I pray thee, listen to a parting strain,
From one who ne'er shall look on thee again:

Farewell to thee, Scio! it is but a day
That I 've seen thee, and yet I shall love thee for ever.
Thy children are slain, and thy crown torn away,*
And thy jewels and gold shall return to thee never.

Thou sittest, no longer, a queen in thy bower,
But a widow, — of sons and of daughters bereft;
Yet despair not, thou desolate one! for thy dower,
Lovely Scio, — thy lands and thy beauty, — is left.

* Since the destruction of Scio, its commerce, which was the chief source of its wealth, has been almost entirely transferred to the small Greek island, Syra.

And though Syra, thy proud "little sister," awhile
Thy pearls round her bold little forehead * may twine,
Yet, envy her not, for she hath not a smile,
Nor hath she a face, or a bosom, like thine.

And, as soon as the sceptre of Islam is broken,
Or Mahmoud, the red-handed Padischa,† dead,
The word shalt thou hear, that thy Maker hath spoken;
"Thou shalt put on thy garments, and lift up thy head."

And vine-leaves and roses thy temples shall deck,
And some of thy children shall cling to thy breast,
While some pluck the clusters that hang round thy neck,
And — *thy lap-full of oranges feed all the rest!*

* The *port*, that is, the commercial city, of Syra, is built upon a hill, that swells up boldly from the water; and many of the houses, as they rise ampitheatrically, make quite an imposing appearance.

† "Padischa," *Anglicè* "Man-killer," one of the titles of the present Soultán, and *the* one by which, it is said, he is particularly pleased to be addressed.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

I.

HYMNS

FOR

THE LORD'S SUPPER

AND

CHRISTMAS.

HYMNS FOR COMMUNION.

I.

"Break ye the bread, and pour the wine,
As ye have seen your Master do ;
This body and this blood of mine
Is broken thus and shed for you."

Yes, mighty God ! while life remains,
We will remember him who bled ;
Whom Death, in his cold, palsying chains,
A captive and a victim led.

We will remember him, by whom
Those strong and icy chains were riven ;
Who scattered round his opening tomb
Their broken links, — and rose to heaven.

And, while with gratitude we dwell
On all his tears of love and woe,
Let death's chill tide before us swell !
Let its still waters darkly flow !

We 'll give our bodies to the stream;
'T will bear us — (for the dead shall rise,
Or faith is vain, and hope a dream,) —
To happier shores and brighter skies.

II.

"And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." — *Matth.* xxvi. 30.

The winds are hushed; — the peaceful moon
Looks down on Zion's hill;
The city sleeps; 't is night's calm noon;
And all the streets are still.

Save when, along the shaded walks,
We hear the watchman's call,
Or the guard's footstep, as he stalks
In moonlight on the wall.

How soft, how holy, is this light!
And hark! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
Floats on the air along.

Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,
Are in that holy strain;
'T is resignation, — not despair;
'T is triumph, — though 't is pain.

'T is Jesus and his faithful few,
That pour that hymn of love;
O God! may we the song renew
Around thy board above.

III.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." — *Matth.* xxvi. 39.

"If it may be, O let this cup,
Pass by me," — prayed the Son;
"But, if I 'm doomed to drink it up,
Father! thy will be done."

He drank it. Bleeding on the tree,
He faintly cried, "I thirst."
Then rose his heart, O God, to thee,
In fervent prayer, — and burst.

That broken heart, that ebbing tide,
That spirit so resigned,
These emblems of the Crucified,
Have now recalled to mind.

For others as our Saviour bled,
So we, at duty's call,
For others in his steps should tread,
And sacrifice our all.

Shall we from scenes of trial shrink,
 Now our Example lives?
Or shall we all with patience drink
 The cup our Father gives?

IV.

O'er Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,
 And Olivet's brown steep,
Rolls the majestic queen of night,
And showers from heaven her silver light,
 And sees the world asleep.

All but the children of distress,
 Of sorrow, grief, and care;
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
 To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day,
 There 's a composing power,
That meets them on their lonely way,
In the still air, — the sober ray
 Of this religious hour.

'*T is* a religious hour; for he,
 Who many a grief shall bear,
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemanè,
 In agony and prayer.

O, holy Father! when the light
 Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
In all who celebrate this rite
 In memory of him.

V.

"And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." — *Matth.* xxvi. 30.

THERE 's something sweet in scenes of gloom
 To hearts, of joy bereft;
When hope has withered in its bloom;
When friends are going to the tomb,
 Or in the tomb are left.

'T is night, a lovely night; — and lo!
 Like men in vision seen,
The Saviour and his brethren go,
Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,
 Led by heaven's lamp serene,

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
 To Olivet's dark steep;
There, o'er past joys, so like a dream,
O'er future woes, that present seem,
 In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frowned;
Their dream of thrones has fled;
The table that his love has crowned
They ne'er again shall sit around,
With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
The hope of sins forgiven;
Then, when our friends the grave devours,
When all the world around us lowers,
We 'll look from earth to heaven.

VI.

"For my flesh is meat indeed." — *John* vi. 55.

Had Jesus left his scattered fold
The legacy of pride,
Golconda's gems and Ophir's gold,
When he, their Shepherd, died;

Few would have hoarded many a gem,
Of those who shared them first;
And O, how many, even of them,
Had, in that gift, been cursed!

Had such a legacy been cast
Upon the stream of time;
Would it have come through ages past, —
Ages of night and crime?

And *had* it reached us all, should we
In such a boon be blessed?
O no; — a part might misers be,
And prodigals the rest.

But *all* may now a treasure hoard,
That ne'er engenders strife;
For we may all, around this board,
Partake the bread of life.

VII.

"My blood is drink indeed." — *John* vi. 55.

When Asia's mighty conqueror died,
His followers shared his realm:
Yet, O how soon did ruin's tide
Them and their thrones o'erwhelm!

Had every monarch from his throne
By *Jesus*' arm been hurled;
Had he, the conqueror, held alone
The sceptre of the world; —

Had his Apostles shared the globe;
Had all the Orient gems,
That deck the royal Persian's robe,
Blazed on their diadems; —

Throned on the Egyptian's pyramid,
Old Time had seen their power
All crumble, as the Grecian's did,
And wither like a flower.

This Jesus knew; and, ere the thorns
Around his head were pressed,
The banquet which this board adorns
He spread for *all*, and blessed.

Then gave he gems of hope to shine
Around this goblet's brim;
Then dropped a pearl into this wine, —
The *Memory of Him.*

VIII.

Our Father! we approach thy board,
As children, that would be forgiven;
Remembering him, thy Son, who poured
His blood, to seal our hope of heaven.

O God, our Saviour! while we thus
Remember him who made us free,
Who agonized and died for us,
Our grateful hearts would rise to thee.

In him, whose bursting heart the cloud
 Of sorrow chilled, and wretchedness;
In him, whose fainting head was bowed
 In his unspeakable distress;

O listen to our fervent prayer;
 That he, who hung on Calvary's hill,
And gave thee back his spirit there,
 May live in our affections still.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

No moon hung o'er the sleeping earth,
But, on their thrones of light,
The stars, that sang ere morning's birth,
Filled the blue vault of night
With heavenly music; — earthly ears
Not often catch the hymn;
It was "the music of the spheres,"
The song of seraphim.

But there were those in Judah's land,
Who watched, that night, their fold,
Who heard the song of the angel band,
As o'er them was unrolled
The starry glory; — and there came
This burst of heavenly song,
From mellow tubes and lips of flame,
In chorus loud and long.

"To God be glory! — for, this day,
Hath shot, from Judah's stem,
A Branch, that ne'er shall know decay: —
The royal diadem

Shall grace the brows of one, whom ye
Shall in a manger find;
For, him hath God raised up to be
The Saviour of mankind.

"To God be glory! Peace on earth!
Glory to God again!
For, with this infant Saviour's birth,
There comes good will to men!"—
GOOD WILL TO MEN! O God, we hail
This, of thy law the sum;
For, as this shall o'er earth prevail,
SO SHALL THY KINGDOM COME.

II.

HYMNS

FOR

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

HYMNS.

I.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. William Ware, as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in New York, December 12th, 1821.

O Thou who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
We, thine adoring children, bend.

We kneel in praise, — that here is set
A vine, that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer, — that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and Heaven;
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distill,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

And when he sinks in death, — by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed, —
O God! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

II.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. John P. B. Storer, as Pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in Walpole, November 15th, 1826.

To Thee, our Father and our King,
The wise, the gracious, and the just,
Our song of thanks and prayer we bring,
With humble joy and filial trust.

Joy, that while yet the light is shed
On the bowed form and hoary hairs
Of him who here, so long, hath led
Our fathers' and our childhood's prayers, —

Thou hast provided for thy flock
A pastor, in the strength of youth,
To lead them up to Thee, their Rock,
And to the living wells of truth.

And trust, that He, who ne'er hath left,
Will never leave his sheep to stray,
Of shepherd and of shade bereft,
O'er barren wastes, by night or day.

We thank Thee, Lord, in Christ thy Son,
For all his servants, spared or given ;
O, may we, when our work is done,
Shine with their light, and share their heaven.

III.

Written for the same occasion.

God of mercy, do thou never
From our offering turn away,
But command a blessing ever
On the memory of this day.

Light and peace do Thou ordain it ;
O'er it be no shadow flung ;
Let no deadly darkness stain it,
And no cloud be o'er it hung.*

May the song this people raises,
And its vows, to Thee addressed,
Mingle with the prayers and praises,
That Thou hearest from the blessed.

When the lips are cold, that sing Thee,
And the hearts that love Thee, dust,
Father, then our souls shall bring Thee
Holier love and firmer trust.

* See *Job* iii. 4, 5.

IV.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. Charles C. Sewall, as Pastor of the First Unitarian Church and Society in Danvers, April 11th, 1827.

Eternal One, whom mortal eye
Hath never seen, and ne'er can see,*
Loud winds, and fires that flame on high,
Are spirits ministering to thee.†

Those angels of thy love and might,
How blest the office that they bear!
To shed on earth the holy light,
And fill with health the wakened air.

And yet, to man hast thou assigned
A nobler ministry than this; —
With grace and truth to cheer the mind,‡
And wake the soul to health and bliss.

By him, who to this holy end
Is now ordained, — as by the Son,
Whom thou didst sanctify and send§
To save the world, — thy will be done.

* 1 *Tim.* vi. 16. † *Ps.* civ. 4. ‡ *John* i. 17.
§ *John* x. 36.

Thy will be done, whene'er he leads
The service in these courts of thine;
Thy will be done, whene'er he pleads
For truth or charity divine.*

When at the couch by anguish pressed
He kneels, and speaks of pardon there,
Then may the contrite sufferer rest,
Soothed by his presence and his prayer.

When, like the moth, his house of clay†
Is crushed, O may the spirit, Lord,
That served thee in it, hear thee say,
"Rise from thy toils to thy reward."

V.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. George W. Burnap, as Pastor of the First Independent Church in Baltimore, April 23d, 1828.

O God, we see thee smile again
In the sweet sunshine of the spring;
Thou comest in the gracious rain;
Thou ridest on the wind's soft wing.

Thou visitest the vales in floods,
That in their fulness roll along;
And, when thou breathest on the woods,
They wave in pomp, and wake with song.

* *Is.* lix. 4. † *Job* iv. 19.

And, Lord, are not thy goings thus
In this our sanctuary seen?
Comes not thy breath of life to us,
Our prospects clothing all in green?

Reviving hopes around us bud,
Hopes, that were rooted long ago,
But languished till thy grace, in flood,
Returned and bade them swell and blow.

What though for years thy feeble flock
By hands of strangers hath been fed? —
What though we 've long drawn near our Rock
Without a shepherd at our head?

We humbly hope, that not in vain
We 've borne the trials of our trust;
And that thy truth will rise, like grain,
The stronger for its sleep in dust.

For days of care, and hope deferred,
O grant us years of large increase,
Till from above thy voice is heard;
"Ye faithful ones, depart in peace."

VI.

Written for the Installation of the Rev. Mellish Irving Motte, over the South Congregational Society in Boston, May 21st, 1828.

"Let there be light!"—When from on high,
O God, that first commandment came,
Forth leaped the Sun; and earth and sky
Lay in his light, and felt his flame.

"Let there be light!"—The light of grace
And truth, a darkling world to bless,
Came with thy word, when on our race
Broke forth the Sun of Righteousness.

Light of our souls! how strong it grows!
That Sun! how wide his beams he flings,
As up the glorious sky he goes,
With light and healing in his wings!

Give us that light! O God, 't is given!
Hope sees it open heaven's wide halls
To those, who for the truth have striven;
And Faith walks firmly where it falls.

Churches no more, in cold eclipse,
Mourn the withholding of its rays;
It gilds their gates, and on the lips
Of every faithful preacher plays.

Doth not its circle clasp the brows
Of him, who, in the strength of youth,
Gives himself up, in this day's vows,
A minister of grace and truth?

Long may it, Lord; — nor let his soul
Go through death's gloomy vale alone;
But bear it on to its high goal,
Wrapped in the light that veils thy throne.

VII.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. William Barry, over the Second Congregational Church and Society in Lowell November 17th, 1830.

"On earth be peace!" — O God, that word
To our ears comes not, as it came,
When by Judea's shepherds heard
From opening skies and lips of flame.

Yet 't is thy word, when mortal tongue
Makes it the burden of a hymn,
Not less than when, of old, it rung
From golden harps of cherubim.

What though heaven's gates no more expand,
And heavenly hosts their hymning cease!
On earth thine humbler servants stand,
In humbler temples, "preaching peace."

Peace to the passions, when they show
 Resistance to thy wise control ;
Peace to all fears, but those which go
 In arms against a sinful soul.

Peace may thy servant preach, who now
 Comes, as a herald of thy grace,
To lead thy people when they bow
 In worship, in this holy place.

Beneath his care and labors, Lord,
 O, grant thy vineyard large increase ;
And may a crown, as his reward,
 Be given him by the Prince of Peace.

VIII.

Written for the Installation of the Rev Andrew Bigelow, over the First Congregational Church and Society in Taunton, April 10th, 1833.

When on the sun's broad splendors
 The gates of evening close,
And darkling earth surrenders
 Her children to repose,
The azure paths above us
 By sons of light are trod,
Who watch, as those who love us,
 And tell us of our God.

So, Father, since the portals,
Round which thine angels press,
Shut from the eyes of mortals
The Sun of Righteousness,
The world he blessed hath never
Of light been all bereft;
The heralds of thy favor,
Thy watchmen, still are left.

They come, when we are weeping,
To wipe our tears away;
They wake, while we are sleeping,
And for our peace they pray;
Or, in the congregation,
To plead thy cause they stand; —
O God of our salvation,
Uphold them with thy hand.

And let that spirit fervent,
Which loves to labor thus,
Abide upon thy servant,
Who comes, this day, to us;
That, when his strength is failing,
Those he hath led may say,
"Our star is only paling
In heaven's advancing day."

IX.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. John T. Sargent as a Minister to the Poor in Boston, October 29th, 1839.

"The poor, the suffering poor," — He said,
Who, from his garment's very hem
A healing virtue round him shed, —
"Shall have the Gospel preached to them."

Yes! He, upon whose houseless head
The stars dropped many a dewy gem,
Broke, for the poor, the living bread
He brought from heaven, and gave it them.

Beneath the shade that branch hath spread,
Which shot out green from Jesse's stem,
These wandering poor are gathered
To have the Gospel preached to them.

He, who with oxen made his bed, —
The houseless Babe of Bethlehem, —
These houseless babes hath hither led,
To have his Gospel preached to them.

Lord, bless thy servant, who hath fed
These lambs of thine, and help him stem
The tide of sin, with fearless tread,
And preach the Gospel unto them.

May not the soul of each be said,
O God, to be a priceless gem?
Give them to him, who for them bled,
To sparkle in his diadem!

X.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. Frederick W. Holland, over the First Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11th, 1838.

To thee, O God, our Rock,
Sing we a joyful song;
Who hast not left thy flock
Without a shepherd long.
O, may the voice
Thy Spirit gave,
O'er Jordan's wave,
Approve our choice.

To him whom thou hast sent
To labor in this field,
Lord, let thine aid be lent,
That so his ground shall yield
A large increase;
And so shall he,
When called to thee,
Depart in peace.

"Good Shepherd!" let *thy* care
To old and young extend;
These in thy bosom bear,
O'er those in pity bend;—
Thy voice alone
We love to hear;
Be ever near,
To guard thine own.

Beside still waters led,
Through pleasant vales that flow,
And in green pastures fed,
May this, thy people, grow
In every grace,
Till all, above,
In light and love,
Behold thy face.

XI.

Written for the Ordination of Mr. Theodore H. Dorr, as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Billerica, May 28th, 1839.

MINISTER, — *solo.*

To thine altar, Holy One,
Who dost now this temple fill,
As a servant of thy Son,
"Lo, I come to do thy will."

PEOPLE,—*full choir.*

Father! let thy servant's prayer
From thine altar rise to thee!
Make his body's health thy care;
Keep his spirit pure and free!

MINISTER.

To this people would I give
What of strength and light is mine;
But, Lord, that their souls may live,
Give them light and strength divine!

PEOPLE.

On our youthful pastor's head
Let thy holy spirit fall!
Send thy blessing with the bread
That he breaketh for us all!

MINISTER.

When my hands that bread shall break,
In thy sight may they be clean!
When my lips for thee shall speak,
Let their truth by thee be seen!

PEOPLE.

And when truth, from lips sincere,
To our listening ears shall come,
May it meet a welcome here!
Give it in our hearts a home.

MINISTER.

When my hands no more are spread,
For this people, towards thy throne,
Place a worthier in my stead!
Father, leave them not alone!

PEOPLE.

Father! in that solemn hour,
When his spirit leaves its clay,
Take him, by the Gospel's power,
To his rest in endless day.

III.

HYMNS

FOR

DEDICATION.

HYMNS.

I.

Written for the Opening of the Independent Congregational Church in Barton Square, Salem, December 7th, 1824.

O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue, —

Not now on Zion's height, alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —
The incense of the heart, — may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this, thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.

To thee shall Age, with snowy hair,
And Strength and Beauty, bend the knee,
And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

II.

Written for the Dedication of the South Congregational Church in Boston, January 30th, 1828.

With trump, and pipe, and viol chords,
And song, the full assembly brings
Its tribute to the Lord of lords,
Its homage to the King of kings.

To God, who, from the rocky prison
Where death had bound him, brought his Son,
To God these walls from earth have risen;—
To God, "the high and lofty One."

Creator! at whose steadfast word
Alike the years and oceans roll,
Here may thy truth in Christ, our Lord,
Shine forth and sanctify the soul.

Here, where we hymn thy praises now,
Father and Judge! may many a knee
And many a spirit humbly bow,
In worship and in prayer to thee.

And when our lips no more shall move,
Our hearts no longer beat or burn,
Then may the children that we love
Take up the strain, and, in their turn,

With trump, and pipe, and viol strings,
Here pay, with music's sweet accords,
Their tribute to the King of kings,
Their homage to the Lord of lords.

III.

Written for the Dedication of the New Stone Congregational Church in Quincy, November 12th, 1828.

When thy Son, O God, was sleeping,
In death's rocky prison bound,
When his faithful ones were weeping,
And the guards were watching round,
Then thy word, that strong house shaking,
Rent the rocky bars away,
And the holy sleeper, waking,
Rose to meet the rising day.

Where thy word, by Jesus spoken,
In its power is heard even now,
Shake the hills, the rocks are broken,
As on Calvary's trembling brow.
From the bosom of the mountain,
At that word, these stones have burst,
And have gathered round the fountain
Where our souls may quench their thirst.

Here the water of salvation
Long hath gushed, a liberal wave;
Here a Father of our nation
Drank, and felt the strength it gave.
Here he sleeps, his bed how lowly! *
But his aim and trust were high;
And his memory, — that is holy;
And his name, — it cannot die.

While beneath this temple's portal
Rest the relics of the just,
While the light of hope immortal
Shines above his sacred dust,
While the well of life its waters
To the weary here shall give,
Father, may thy sons and daughters,
Kneeling round it, drink and live!

* The remains of President John Adams are entombed under the portico of this church.

IV.

Written for the Dedication of the First Congregational Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 23d, 1830.

To God, to God alone,
This temple have we reared;
To God, who holds a throne
Unshaken and unshared.
Sole King of Heaven,
Who 'st heard our prayers
And blessed our cares,
To thee 't is given.

O thou, whose bounty fills
This plain so rich and wide,
And makes its guardian hills
Rejoice, on every side,
With shady tree
And growing grain;
This decent fane
We give to thee.

Thou, who hast ever stooped
To load our land with good,
Whose hand this vale hath scooped,
And rolleth down its flood

To the far sea, —
This house we raise,
And now, with praise,
Devote to thee.

To all, O God of love,
Dost thou thy footsteps show;
The white and blue above,
The green and gold below,
The grove, the breeze,
The morning's beam,
The star, the stream, —
They 're seen in these.

Where now, in goodly show,
The domes of art are piled,
Thy paths, not long ago,
Dropped fatness on a wild.
O let us see
Thy goings here,
Where now we rear
A house for thee.

Nursed by the blessed dew,
And light of Bethlehem's star,
A vine on Calvary grew,
And cast its shade afar.
A storm went by, —
One blooming bough,
Torn off, buds now
Beneath our sky.

O, let no drought or blight
This plant of thine come nigh;
But may the dew, all night,
Upon its branches lie;
Till towards this vine
All flesh shall press,
And taste and bless
Its fruit and wine.

Because, O Lord, thy grace
Hath visited the West,
And given our hearts a place
Of worship and of rest;
Old age and youth,
The weak, the strong,
Shall praise in song
Thy grace and truth.

The grace and truth that came
By thine Anointed Son,
Here let such lips proclaim
As fire hath fallen upon,
From out the high
And holy place
Where dwells in grace
Thy Deity.

To thee, to thee alone,
This temple have we reared:
To thee, — before whose throne,
Unshaken and unshared,

Sole King of Heaven,
With thanks we bow,—
This temple now
For praise is given.

V.

Written for the Consecration of the Cemetery at Mount Auburn, September 24th, 1831.

To Thee, O God, in humble trust,
Our hearts their grateful incense burn
For this thy word, "Thou art of dust,
And unto dust shalt thou return."

For, what were life, life's work all done,
The hopes, joys, loves, that cling to clay,
All, all departed, one by one,
And yet life's load borne on for aye.

Decay! Decay! 't is stamped on all!
All bloom, in flower and flesh, shall fade;
Ye whispering trees, when we shall fall,
Be our long sleep beneath your shade!

Here, to thy bosom, mother Earth,
Take back, in peace, what thou hast given;
And all that is of heavenly birth,
O God, in peace, recall to Heaven.

VI.

Written for the Dedication of the Seaman's Bethel, under the Direction of the Boston Port Society, September 4th, 1833.

Thou, who on the whirlwind ridest,
At whose word the thunder roars,
Who, in majesty, presidest
O'er the oceans and their shores;
From those shores, and from the oceans,
We, the children of the sea,
Come to pay thee our devotions,
And to give this house to thee.

When, for business on great waters,
We go down to sea in ships,
And our weeping wives and daughters
Hang, at parting, on our lips,
This, our Bethel, shall remind us,
That there 's One who heareth prayer,
And that those we leave behind us
Are a faithful pastor's care.

Visions of our native highlands,
In our wave-rocked dreams embalmed,
Winds that come from spicy islands
When we long have lain becalmed,

Are not to our souls so pleasant
As the offerings we shall bring
Hither, to the Omnipresent,
For the shadow of his wing.

When in port, each day that 's holy,
To this house we 'll press in throngs;
When at sea, with spirit lowly,
We 'll repeat its sacred songs.
Outward bound, shall we, in sadness,
Lose its flag behind the seas;
Homeward bound, we 'll greet with gladness
Its first floating on the breeze.

Homeward bound! — with deep emotion,
We remember, Lord, that life
Is a voyage upon an ocean,
Heaved by many a tempest's strife.
Be thy statutes so engraven
On our hearts and minds, that we,
Anchoring in Death's quiet haven,
All may make our home with thee.

VII.

Written for the Dedication of the new Congregational Church in Plymouth, built upon the Ground occupied by the earliest Congregational Church in America.

The winds and waves were roaring;
The Pilgrims met for prayer;
And here, their God adoring,
They stood, in open air.
When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

Not thus, O God, to praise thee,
Do we, their children, throng;
The temple's arch we raise thee
Gives back our choral song.
Yet, on the winds, that bore thee
Their worship and their prayers,
May ours come up before thee
From hearts as true as theirs!

What have we, Lord, to bind us
To this, the Pilgrims' shore! —
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before,

The wintry surge, that dashes
 Against the rocks they trod,
Their memory, and their ashes, —
 Be thou their guard, O God!

We would not, Holy Father,
 Forsake this hallowed spot,
Till on that shore we gather
 Where graves and griefs are not;
The shore where true devotion
 Shall rear no pillared shrine,
And see no other ocean
 Than that of love divine.

VIII.

Written for the Opening of the Mariner's House in Ann Street, Boston, as a Boarding-house for Seamen, by the Ladies of "The Seaman's Aid Society," in May, 1837.

Tossed on the billows of the main,
 And doomed from zone to zone to roam,
The seaman toiled for others' gain,
 But, for himself, he had no home.

No father's door was open flung
 For him, just "rescued from the wreck";
No sister clasped her arms and hung,
 In speechless joy, around his neck;

But he was cast upon a world
More dangerous than the ocean's roar,
When o'er his bark the surges curled,
And drove it on a leeward shore.

He had no home ; — and so had He
Who, as *his* bark began to fill,
Said to the Lake of Galilee,
When lashed by tempests, "Peace! Be still!"

Of winds and dashing waves the sport,
By perils, while at sea, beset,
The sailor found himself, in port,
Exposed to greater perils yet.

False brethren were his perils there,*
And perils by his countrymen,
And perils by the sirens fair
That lured him to the robber's den.

But now a brother† stands, in stead,
With open arms, to take him in,
And spreads a banquet and a bed
That may be tasted without sin.

* 2 *Cor.* xi. 26.

† Rev. Edward T. Taylor, (formerly a seaman,) Pastor of the Seaman's Chapel, or Bethel, and general Superintendent of the Mariner's House.

Yes! — the poor seaman hath a home!
We thank thee, God, for what we see;
Let him no more 'mid perils roam,
But come, at once, to *it* and thee.

IX.

Written for the Dedication of the Chardon Street Chapel, in Boston, November 7th, 1838.

No curtains drawn, nor tent, nor shed,
Shut out the over-arching skies,
When Jesus, in his manger bed,
First turned to heaven his infant eyes.

But quiet stars looked down, and threw,
From diamond cups, on all the ground,
Their blessed gift of light and dew,
While oxen fed or slept around.

The babe, that in that manger lay,
Hath brought a gift more blessed far
Than night dews, or the brightest ray
That ever dropped from sun or star.

The light of truth, the dew of grace,
He giveth to a world of sin;
And to his name we give this place,
That once a mangered stall hath been.*

* The building had been converted, from a large stable, into a very neat and convenient chapel.

Not as the Magi came, of old,
With offerings to the new-born King,
Of myrrh, and frankincense, and gold,
Come we; but, Lord, this house we bring

To thee; — and, since thou dost prefer,
Before all temples, hearts sincere,
We pray that many a worshipper
May kneel and find acceptance here.

X.

Written on the Occasion of Laying the Corner Stone of the Suffolk Street Chapel, in Boston, for the Ministry to the Poor, May 23d, 1839.

On this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
Where we 've laid this Corner Stone.

Let "thy holy child," who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And the sinner to atone
With thee, bless this Corner Stone.

Let the star that stood, at first,
O'er the place where He was nursed,
And on wondering Magi shone,
Beam upon this Corner Stone.

Let the spirit from above,
That once hovered, like a dove,
O'er the Jordan, hither flown,
Hover o'er this Corner Stone.

In the sinner's troubled breast,
In the heart by care oppressed,
Let the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we 've laid this Corner Stone.

Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we 've laid this Corner Stone.

By "wise master builders" squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near thy throne ; —
Jesus Christ its Corner Stone.

XI.

Written for the Dedication of the Lyceum Hall in Dorchester, March 10th, 1840.

KNOWLEDGE and Virtue! sister powers,
Who guard and grace a Christian state,
Better than bulwarks, walls, or towers,
To you this hall we dedicate.

Temple of Science! through thy door,
Now first thrown open, do we throng,
And reverently stand before
Creation's God, with prayer and song.

Father of lights! thou gav'st us eyes
Earth, ocean, sun, and stars to see,
And thee in all; — they roll or rise
To teach us of thy majesty.

Works of his hand! where'er ye lie,
In earth or heaven, in light or shade,
These walls shall to your voice reply;
Here shall your wonders be displayed.

Trees! that in field or forest stand,
Flowers! that spring up in every zone,
Winds! that with fragrance fill your hand,
Where trees have leafed, or flowers have blown, —

Suns! in the depths of space that burn,
 Planets! that walk around our own,
Comets! that rush to fill your urn
 With light out-gushing from his throne,—

Waters! from all the earth that rise,
 And back to all its oceans go,
Cooling, in clouds, the flaming skies,
 Cheering, in rains, the world below,—

Torrents! that down the mountain rush,
 Glaciers! that on its shoulders shine,
Pearls! in your ocean bed that blush,
 Diamonds! yet sleeping in your mine,—

Lightnings! that from your cloud leap out,
 Thunders! that in its bosom sleep,
Fires! that from Etna's crater spout,
 Rocks! that the earthquake's records keep,—

Rainbows! that over-arch a storm,
 Or dance around a waterfall,
Tornadoes! that earth's face deform,—
 Teach us, O teach us, in this hall.

IV.

HYMNS AND ODES

FOR

CHARITY OCCASIONS.

HYMNS AND ODES.

I.

Written for the Twenty-second Anniversary of the Boston Female Orphan Asylum, September 20th, 1822.

I PRAISE the God, who, while I kept
 My watch beside the grave,
Where, cold and dead, my father slept,
Where, drowned in grief, my mother wept,
 An orphan stooped to save.

He stooped to save when hope had fled;
 For soon my mother's moan
Was heard no more;—when she had shed
Her last tear o'er my father's bed,
 She rested in her own.

When round my couch the visions pressed,
 Of want, and guilt, and shame,
Then, like the spirits of the blest,
Sent forth to guide me to my rest,
 The orphan's guardians came.

I thank thee, Lord, for hope's sweet ray,
To life's dark morning given;
Let it shine on through all my day;
Let virtues bloom along my way,
And let their fruits be heaven.

II.

Written for the Anniversary of the Howard Benevolent Society, in Boston, December, 1825.

Mighty One, whose name is holy,
Thou wilt save thy work alive;
And the spirit of the lowly
Thou wilt visit and revive.*
What thy prophets thus have spoken,
Ages witness as they roll;
Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,
Touched by thee, O God, are whole.

By thy pitying spirit guided,
Jesus sought the sufferer's door,
Comforts for the poor provided,
And the mourner's sorrows bore.†
So, it was thy spirit, beaming
In *his* face whose name we bear,
That sustained him while redeeming
Power's pale victims from despair.

* *Is.* lvii. 15; *Hab.* iii. 2. † *Is.* liii. 4; *Matth.* viii. 17.

To the prisoner, wan and wasting
In the voiceless dungeon's night,
He, thine own apostle, hasting,
Led him forth, unbound, to light.
So thy mercy's angel, bending,
Heard a friendless prisoner call,
And, through night's cold vault descending,
Loosed from chains thy servant Paul.*

Father, as thy love is endless,
Working by thy servants thus,
The forsaken and the friendless
Deign to visit, even by us.
So shall each, with spirit fervent,
Laboring with thee here below,
Be declared thy faithful servant,
Where there 's neither want nor woe.

* *Acts* xvi. 25, 26.

III.

Written for the Centennial Anniversary of the Charitable Irish Society in Boston, March 17th, 1837.

To the Emerald Isle, where our kindred are dwelling,
And where the remains of our forefathers sleep,
Our eyes turn to-day, with the tears in them swelling; —
But why are we sad, who this festival keep?
We weep not for ourselves; — for our fathers, our mothers,
Whom we ne'er shall see more; for our sisters, our brothers,
Whom we hope to see yet; O yes, and for *others*
We may not name aloud,—'t is for these that we weep.

Poor Ireland! how long shall thy hardly earned treasures
Be wrung from thy hand, that a priesthood may gorge,
Who, year after year, are abroad on their pleasures,
Or swelling the train of a William or George!
'T is not so with thy sons on this side of the ocean;
Here we open our hands from the grateful emotion
We feel to our priests, for their zeal and devotion,
In removing our sins and the fetters they forge.

At evening, the blue eyes of many a maiden
In Erin are lifted to look at the star,
That is hung in the west; and the night wind is laden
With sighs for the loved ones beneath it afar.

Girls of the green isle, O do not deplore us!
In our visions ye 're swimming, like angels, before us,
And the Being, whose shield of protection is o'er us,
Hath not made the deep an impassable bar.

Though absent, the fount of our faith is not frozen;
While we live, of its up-welling waters we 'll draw,
For the maids that we love, for the land that we 've chosen,
Where Freedom is nursed at the bosom of Law.
"Land of the free! for the shelter thou 'st given
To those whom the storm of oppression has driven
From their homes, may a blessing be on thee from heaven!"
Say the sons and the daughters of Erin go bragh.

IV.

Written for the Anniversary of the Fatherless and Widows Society in Boston, October 15th, 1837.

The fatherless and widow, Lord,
Find hope and comfort in *this* word,
Which in thy Holy Book they see, —
"Leave all thy fatherless to me."

This checks the dying husband's sigh,
As on his wife he turns his eye,
Who, at his bed-side bends her knee, —
"And let thy widows trust in me."

"Thy Maker is thy husband;" — *this*
Soothes the keen anguish of the kiss,
Pressed by the wife upon *his* brow,
Who answers not to "Husband!" now.

"Orphans and fatherless are we,
Our mothers widows!" — Thus, of old,
Did Zion's children plead with Thee;
And still that mournful tale is told.

But He hath come, who to his breast
Clasped such forsaken ones and blessed.
Here, Lord, are children left alone; —
Help us to clasp them to our own.

And bless thy servant,* Lord, whose ear
These orphans' thanks can never hear, —
Thanks, that, although his eyes are dim,
They have a father found in him.

Time, with his softly falling sand,
Hath closed his ear, but not his hand.
Lord, when that sand shall all have run,
Shall he *not* hear "Well done! Well done!"

Father of all, our hope, our trust!
When we are sleeping in the dust,
Let others rise, to soothe and bless
The widow and the fatherless.

* Referring to Mr. Theodore Lyman; who had made the Society a donation of $2,400, besides sundry valuable articles of food and clothing. He was aged and almost totally deaf.

V.

Written for the Twentieth Anniversary of the Female Samaritan Society, Boston, October 22d, 1837.

FAINT, bleeding, of his robes bereft,
"Ready to perish" by the way,
'Mid craggy wilds by robbers left,
A lonely Jewish traveller lay.

A priest of Judah, passing by,
The sufferer saw, and help denied.
A Levite toward him turned his eye,
And "passed by on the other side."

A traveller from Samaria came, —
Whose nation's bosom long had burned
With hatred of the Jewish name, —
And toward the wounded stranger turned.

As nearer, on his beast, he drew,
A thrill of pity through him ran; —
He saw not there a hated Jew;
He only saw a suffering man.

He saw him; — from his own scant store
Of oil and wine he filled his cup,
From his own robe a bandage tore,
And bathed his wounds and bound them up;

On his own beast the sufferer laid,
And to an hospitable shed
Bore him, — for all his nursing paid,
And left him on a grateful bed.

"Go, do thou likewise!" Thus said He,
Who gave the world this touching tale; —
We *would* do likewise, Lord, till we
Tread, each alone, Death's shadowy vale.

VI.

Written for the Fair of the Female Friendly Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans, Boston, July 4th, 1839.

Weary travellers are we,
And our word is briefly spoken;
We must lean on charity,
For our "stay and staff" is broken.

We are widows; — o'er the dead
Oft we bend, to feed our sorrow;
But the grave can give no bread,
And we have none for to-morrow.

We are fatherless; — the crowd
Passes by and does not heed us.
We are hungry; — but the proud
Shelter not, nor clothe, nor feed us.

From our loved and lost ones parted,
We are journeying on alone.
We are sick and broken-hearted, —
For our hearts were not of stone.

We would gladly serve you, neighbour,
Could we earn the coarsest meal;
But, we 're yet too young to labor; —
Must we starve, — or, must we steal?

We 'll do neither! — there are, round us,
Pitying hearts and willing hands;
Woman's melting eye has found us;
She beside us pleading stands.

Our fair friends, here, have been vying
With each other in our aid,
Night and day their needles plying, —
See, what charming things they 've made!

Let us lead you to this table,
By their fairy fingers dressed; —
As you stand here, you 'll be able
To look round on all the rest.

This young lady is our sister; —
Is n't this a rare display?
There! we knew you 'd not resist her; —
Pray you, Madam, step this way.

This good woman is our mother,
For a mother's heart is hers.
All good people help each other,
All are thus God's ministers.

Friends, we *have* been faint and weary
Travellers on life's thorny way;
But our path looks now less dreary;
Sunshine falls upon 't to-day.

Love's warm sunshine! How resplendent
Art thou to the Orphan boy,
Whom thou makest INDEPENDENT,
On this day of general joy!

VII.

Written for the Jubilee of Sunday Schools, celebrated by the Boston Sunday School Society, September 14th, 1831.

FATHER of lights! we bless each ray
Shot from thy throne to lead the blind;
With song we hail the holy day
That 's dawning on the youthful mind.

Gone is the gloom! the cold eclipse,
In which the ignorant at thee gaze,
Has passed; and now from infant lips
Art thou, O God, "perfecting praise."

Bishop of souls, whose arms were spread,
To clasp and bless such little ones,
On these be thine own spirit shed,
That they may be thy Father's sons!

Friends of the young, whose toils are o'er,
Taste ye in heaven a purer bliss,
Or one that now ye cherish more,
Than that which comes from days like this?

Author of life! when death's cold hand
Is gently on our eyelids pressed,
May sorrowing children round us stand,—
The children whom our cares have blessed.

VIII.

Written for the Thirteenth Anniversary of the Howard Sunday School, Boston, December 10th, 1839.

Shall that old chamber* be forgot,
Where first the light divine
Shone on our infant Sunday School,
So pleasant, but lang syne?
'T was pleasant, but lang syne, my friends,
'T was pleasant, but lang syne,
We 'll not forget that chamber where
We prayed and sung lang syne.

* An upper room in the circular building in Merrimack Street.

Shall Friend-Street Chapel be forgot,
To which, in lengthening line,
When that old room was full, we marched,
In twenty eight or nine ?
O, that appears lang syne, my friends,
But, though it was lang syne,
We 'll not forget the Chapel where
We used to meet lang syne.

Shall our old teachers be forgot,
Whose voice and look benign
First drew us to the Sabbath School,
And taught us there lang syne ?
O, was not that lang syne, my friends,
O, was it not lang syne ?
But still we thank and bless them all,
For teaching us lang syne.

Some of those voices death hath hushed,
And closed those kindly eyen,
That were so cheering to our hearts,
When we were sad lang syne.
O, was not that lang syne, my friends ?
It was, indeed, lang syne ;
And heavenly hymns those voices sing,
That sung with us lang syne.

Our white-haired Pastor,* should he soon
Earth's toils and joys resign,
Shall be remembered by us all,
For what he did lang syne.

* The Rev. Dr. Tuckerman.

O, how he loved us all, my friends,
He loved us all lang syne,
And great be his reward in heaven,
For loving us lang syne!

Nor be our present friends forgot,
Who work the Gospel mine,
Where Christ and his apostles dropped
The gems of truth lang syne.
O, that was lang, lang syne, my friends,
Yes, that was lang, lang syne,
But still those gems are just as bright,
As were they lang, lang syne.

O Father! with those gems, more rich
Than gold or silver fine,
Be all our spirits crowned, as were
Thy Son's and saints' lang syne.
They 've worn their crowns lang syne, O God,
They 've worn their crowns lang syne;
O, help us tread the paths they trod,
While serving thee lang syne!

IX.

Written for the Fifth Triennial Celebration of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, October 4th, 1821.

Spirit of Wisdom and of Power!
The works of Egypt's mightiest hour,—
 The pyramid and vaulted tomb,—
The peerless fane of David's son,
The giant towers of Babylon,—
 Old works of grandeur and of gloom,—

The curtained ark, the jewelled vest
That gleamed of old on Aaron's breast,
 Works for their glorious beauty famed;
All these, by thine informing mind,
In strength were reared, with skill designed,
 And lead our thoughts to thee when named.

Lone columns on the Ionian shore,
And sculptured ruins scattered o'er
 Athenian and Corinthian plains,
Of thy departed spirit speak,
That shed a glory round the Greek,
 And threw its last light on his chains.

The conqueror's arch, the temple's dome,
Of pagan and of Christian Rome,

Thy kindling spirit taught to swell;
And many a tall monastic pile,
Still frowning o'er our fathers' Isle,
Of thy past inspirations tell.

The arts that bid our navies ride
And thunder o'er the trackless tide,
The arts of dove-winged Peace, are thine.
Spirit of Wisdom and of Power!
Be thou our undecaying tower,
And our adoring hearts thy shrine.

X.

Written for the same occasion.

Now to the God to whom all might
And glory in all worlds belong,
Who fills unseen his throne of light,
Come, let us sing a general song.

His spirit wrapped the mantling air,
Of old, around our infant Earth,
And, on her bosom warm and fair,
Gave her young lord his joyous birth.

He smiles on morning's rosy way;
He paints the gorgeous clouds of even;
To noon he gives its ripening ray;
To night, the view of glorious heaven.

He drives along those sparkling globes
 In circles of unerring truth ;
He decks them all in radiant robes,
 And crowns them with eternal youth.

So will he crown the upright mind,
 When life and all its toils are o'er ;—
Then let his praise, on every wind,
 Rise, till the winds shall wake no more.

XI.

Written for the Seventh Triennial Celebration of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, October 4th, 1827.

Loud o'er thy savage child,
 O God, the night-wind roared,
As, houseless, in the wild
 He bowed him and adored.
 Thou saw'st him there,
 As to the sky
 He raised his eye
 In fear and prayer.

Thine inspiration came!
 And, grateful for thine aid,
An altar to thy name
 He built beneath the shade.

The limbs of larch,
That darkened round,
He bent and bound
In many an arch ;

Till, in a sylvan fane,
Went up the voice of prayer,
And music's simple strain
Arose in worship there.
The arching boughs,
The roof of leaves
That summer weaves,
O'erheard his vows.

Then beamed a brighter day ;
And Salem's holy height
And Greece in glory lay
Beneath the kindling light.
Thy temple rose
On Salem's hill,
While Grecian skill
Adorned thy foes.

Along those rocky shores,
Along those olive plains,
Where pilgrim Genius pores
O'er art's sublime remains,
Long colonnades
Of snowy white
Looked forth in light
Through classic shades.

Forth from the quarry stone
The marble goddess sprung;
And, loosely round her thrown,
Her marble vesture hung;
And forth from cold
And sunless mines
Came silver shrines
And gods of gold.

The Star of Bethlehem burned!
And, where he Stoic trod,
The altar was o'erturned,
Raised "to an unknown God."
And now there are
No idol fanes
On all the plains
Beneath that star.

To honor thee, dread Power!
Our strength and skill combine;
And temple, tomb, and tower
Attest the e gifts divine.
A swelling dome
For pride they gild,
For peace they build
An humbler home.

By these our fathers' host
Was led to victory first,
When, on our guardless coast,
The cloud of battle burst,

Through storm and spray,
By these controlled,
Our navies hold
Their thundering way.

Great Source of every art!
Our homes, our pictured halls,
Our thronged and busy mart,
That lifts its granite walls,
And shoots to heaven
Its glittering spires,
To catch the fires
Of morn and even, —

These, and the breathing forms
The brush or chisel gives,
With this when marble warms,
With that when canvass lives, —
These all combine
In countless ways
To swell thy praise,
For all are thine.

XII.

Written for the First Fair and Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, September 20th, 1837.

Not with a conqueror's song
Thy courts, O God, we throng,
For battles gained;
No cannon's sulphurous throat,
No trumpet, gives its note,
No banners o'er us float,
With fresh blood stained.

Over no captive kings,
Our eagle spreads her wings,
Or whets her beak;
Nor, o'er the battle-plain,
Where death-shot fell, like rain,
Where lie in gore the slain,
Comes her shrill shriek.

For Art, which thou hast given,
The tribute due to Heaven
We come to pay;
Art, that, to deck her halls,
On air and vapor calls,
On winds and water-falls,
And all obey.

Art, that, from shore to shore,
Moves, without sail or oar,
'Gainst winds and tides;
Or, high o'er earth and seas,
Sits in her car at ease,
And heavenward, on the breeze,
Triumphant rides.

Art, that, through mountain bars,
Breaks, that her horseless cars
Self-moved may go;
And, without looking back,
Rolls, on her iron track,
Where the white cataract
Thunders below.

Art, that on spool or reel,
Winds the smooth silk or steel
Spun by her hand,
Then, with her touch of fire,
Draws, from the chord or wire,
Tones that an angel quire
Well might demand.

Art, that to thee, Most High!
Gladly doth sanctify
Her works and powers;
Lord, ere our tongues are still,
Our hands forget their skill,
To thy most holy will
Devote we ours.

V.

HYMNS AND ODES

FOR

TEMPERANCE OCCASIONS.

HYMNS AND ODES.

I.

Written for the Anniversary of the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, in Boston, May 23d, 1832.

Wake! wake! friends of your kind!
There 's a Demon, a Demon, abroad!
Ye 'll scent him in every breath of the wind; —
Around him is woe; — Death and Hell are behind! —
The foe of man and of God.
The Prince of the devils is it,
Escaped from the bottomless pit, —
Escaped, in his wrath or his mirth,
To put out the lights of the earth.

Watch! watch! — Creeping by stealth,
Like the serpent through Eden's shades,
The mansions of peace, and of worth, and of wealth,
Assuming the form of "a spirit of health,"
This "goblin damned" invades.
He claims, — and his claim is allowed! —
The young, and the fair, and the proud;
He claims, and he brands them as slaves,
And drags them all down to their graves!

Hark! hark! Hear ye the chain,
That is clanking in yonder cell?
The Demon is there with the felon insane;
He is tearing a heart, — he is burning a brain! —
That shriek is a maniac's yell!
That long, heart-rending moan
Is a wife's, — she is sitting alone;
The man, on whose arm she has leaned,
Has left her, to worship the Fiend!

Arm! arm! good men and bold!
'T is a question of life or death;
His banners are floating! beneath are enrolled
Your brothers, your fathers, your children, — all sold,
(Bear witness their tainted breath!)
As victims that soon shall expire
In the flames of unquenchable fire, —
Expire on his altar accursed,
In the fire of unquenchable thirst!

On! on! The fall is decreed
Of the throne of the Evil One.
At his feet shall immortals by hecatombs bleed?
His vassals already cry out to be freed, —
Resolve! and the work is done.
Resolve! and the pits that yawn,
From dewy eve till dawn,
That spirits infernal may rise,
No more shall insult the skies.

II.

LICENSE LAWS.

"We license thee, for so much gold,"*
 Says Congress, — they 're our servants there, —
"To keep a pen where men are sold
 Of sable skin and woolly hair;
For 'public good' requires the toil
Of slaves on Freedom's sacred soil."

"For so much gold we license thee,"
 So say our laws, "a draught to sell,
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
 And opens wide the gates of hell;
For 'public good' requires that some
Should live, since many die, by rum."

* Four hundred dollars is the sum, prescribed by Congress, — the local legislature of the District of Columbia, — for a license to keep a prison-house and market, for the sale of men, women, and children. See Jay's "*View of the Action of the Federal Government in behalf of Slavery*," p. 87.

Whether the sin of slavery, or "the slavery of sin," is the more proper object of legislative protection, it is for our rulers in the State House and the City Hall to determine. To their consciences the question is respectfully referred. The time is coming when they *must* answer it.

Ye civil fathers! while the foes
 Of this destroyer seize their swords,
And Heaven's own hail is in the blows
 They 're dealing, — will YE cut the cords
That round the falling fiend they draw,
And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill
 Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway,
And, while God says, "Thou shalt not kill," —
 Say ye, for gold, "Ye may, — ye may"?
Compare the body with the soul!
Compare the bullet with the bowl!

In which is felt the fiercer blast
 Of the destroying angel's breath?
Which binds its victim the more fast?
 Which kills him with the deadlier death?
Will ye the felon fox restrain,
And yet take off the tiger's chain?

The living to the rotting dead
 The God-contemning Tuscan * tied,
Till, by the way, or on his bed,
 The poor corpse-carrier drooped and died, —
Lashed hand to hand, and face to face,
In fatal and in loathed embrace.

* Mezentius. See Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 481 – 491.

Less cutting, think ye, is the thong
 That to a *breathing* corpse, for life,
Lashes, in torture loathed and long,
 The drunkard's child, — the drunkard's wife?
To clasp *that* clay, — to breathe that breath, —
And no escape! O, that is death!

Are ye not fathers? When your sons
 Look to you for their daily bread,
Dare ye, in mockery, load with stones
 The table that for them ye spread?
How can ye hope your sons will live,
If ye, for fish, a serpent give?

O, Holy God! let light divine
 Break forth more broadly from above,
Till we conform our laws to thine,
 The perfect law of truth and love;
For truth and love alone can save
Thy children from a hopeless grave.

III.

Written for the Simultaneous Temperance Meeting, in the Old South Church in Boston, February 24th, 1835.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."
I dare not lift thy liquid gem;—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
On Melita's surf-beaten shore,
Thou 'st been upon my guests bestowed,
But thou shalt warm my house no more.
For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!

What, though of gold the goblet be,
 Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
 Such clusters as poured out the wine?
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him; — for I 've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
 And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to that ordained of God,
 And found that life was in the sight.
So, the *worm*-bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep, cold wells!
 Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from Earth's mysterious cells
 Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look; — your largess give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

IV.

Written for the Simultaneous Temperance Meeting, at the Odeon in Boston, February 28th, 1837.

How long, O God, how long
Must thy pure eyes behold
This fair world blasted by the wrong,
Man does to man for gold?
How long shall Reason be cast down,
And a fierce demon wear her crown?

The prisoner's cell, that all
Life's blessed light bedims,
The lash that cuts, the links that gall,
The poor slaves' festering limbs,—
What is this thraldom, to the chain
That binds and burns the drunkard's brain?

If, then, thy frown is felt,
O God, by those who bind
The body, — what must be the guilt
Of such as chain the mind,
Drag to the pit, and plunge it in!
O have not these "the greater sin"?

The mother of our race,
Whose sin brought death and woe,
Yet, in her weakness, found thy grace; —
The *Tempter's* curse we know.
Doth he who *drinks*, wrong most the soul?
Or he who *tempts* him to the bowl?

Help us, O God, to weigh
Our deeds as in thy scales;
Nor let gold dust the balance sway; —
For good o'er gold prevails
At that dread bar where all must look
Upon the record in THY Book.

V.

Written for the Opening of the Marlborough Hotel, as a Temperance House, July 4th, 1837.

IN Eden's green retreats,
A water-brook, — that played
Between soft, mossy seats,
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink, —
Was Adam's drink,
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing;
And Eve, to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

And, when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gushed,
And on they rushed,
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled,
Had wine to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refreshed with rum?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in gin,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host,
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast,

Would cooler brains,
Or stronger hands,
Have braved the sands
Of those hot plains?

"Sweet fields, beyond" death's flood
"Stand dressed in living green;"
For, from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river rolls,
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their crystal bowls.

If Eden's strength and bloom
COLD WATER thus hath given,
If, even beyond the tomb,
It is the drink of heaven,
Are not good wells
And crystal springs
The very things
For our HOTELS?

VI.

Written for the Ninth Anniversary of the New York State Temperance Society, in Albany, February 8th, 1838.

Dash to the floor that bowl!
Dare not its sweets to sip!
There 's peril to the soul,
If once it touch the lip.
Why will ye drown
The God within?
Avoid the sin!
Ay, dash it down!

Once, to the exiled John
A poisoned cup was brought.
The bearer had withdrawn; —
The saint, by angels taught,
Saw, o'er its brim,
An asp's head rise,
Whose burning eyes
Were fixed on him.

So Truth, by whose bright blaze
Is many a secret sin
Revealed, in these our days
Hath taught us, that, within

That narrow span,
The wine-cup's grasp,
There lives an asp,
There dies a man!

Then let no fire be brought,
In goblet, glass, or bowl,
Within "the dome of thought,
The palace of the soul;"
Lest, in that fire
Of burning drink,
That palace sink,
That soul expire.

Should God, in wrath, ordain
A universal dearth,
What need he do, but rain
On all this green, glad earth,
From cloudy urns,
The curse that fills
Our vats and stills,
That blights and burns?

Save us from such a shower,
God of the eastern bow!
That pledge, of love and power,
What bends, what paints it so?
That bow in air
'T is light that bends,
Heaven's light, that blends
With water there.

Let light on water shine, —
The light of love and truth!
Then shall that drink divine
Be quaffed by Age and Youth;
And, as that bow
Doth heavenward bend,
Shall heavenward tend
The way they go.

VII.

Written for the Juvenile Celebration of the Simultaneous Meeting of the Friends of Temperance, throughout the World, at the Odeon in Boston, February 27th, 1838.

We sing the praise of Water;
Come, every son and daughter
Of Freedom's land!
With such a theme before us,
With God's great shield held o'er us,
Who will not join the chorus
Of our young band?

Yon silver fountain's basin,
'T is sweet to see thy face in,
Fair harvest moon!
And, when the sun has shone in,
On the white pebbles thrown in,
'T is sweet to see our own in,
At sultry noon.

Sweet is the light that quivers
On water brooks and rivers;
 Fresh are the trees
Whose feet the wave caresses,
And fresh the bloom that dresses
Their loose and fragrant tresses
 For evening's breeze.

Grateful the cloud that over
Wide fields of blooming clover
 Swims, charged with rain;
Grateful the rill that gushes
From heights where day first blushes,
And down the hill-side rushes
 To bless the plain.

Streams of the wood-crowned mountain,
Children of cloud and fountain,
 Who dance and sing
O'er snow-beds iced and glossy,
O'er rocks with green tufts bossy,
Down paths all clean and mossy!
 Your tribute bring.

To all earth's sons and daughters
"The circuit of the waters"
 Gives joy and health;
Floats the gay barge of pleasure,
And, without stint or measure,
Wafts on that heavenly treasure,
 True Wisdom's Wealth.

VIII.

Written for the Celebration of National Independence on Temperance Principles, in Fanueil Hall, Boston, July 4th, 1839.

AIR: "*When the trump of Fame.*"

LET the trump of Fame
Now to their memory swell,
Who, in Freedom's name,
Fought and bravely fell!
On the heroes moved,
With death on every side;—
For the land they loved
They died,— they died.
Round the names of all,
Shall honor's chaplets green,
Here, in Freedom's Hall,
Freshly wreathed be seen,
Till all the nations raise
The shout, like ocean's roar,
That RIGHT our sceptre sways,
And "SLAVERY reigns no more."

When the patriot dead,
Who, in their glory rest,
From their lowly bed,
In ghostly garments drest,

Come up, and, at our call,
This festive board surround, —
Shall they see this Hall
In wassail drowned ?
Can man, to Freedom true,
Prove false to Virtue's laws ? —
In our fathers' view
Come, pledge the TEMPERANCE CAUSE !
Wine is Freedom's foe !
Hence let the recreant fly,
Lest, by the traitor's blow,
She, in HER CRADLE, die !

IX.

Written for the same occasion.

AIR : "*Ye mariners of England.*"

LIFT up, lift up the standard,
And plant it near the well !
And, gathered underneath its folds,
A choral anthem swell !
The anthem that is set in praise
Of brooks and cisterns sing !
Give one strain to the rain,
Give another to the spring ; —
Yea, give a chorus loud and long
To aqueduct and spring.

Green hills and smiling valleys!
Ye once were red with gore,
When Freedom's thunders o'er you rolled,
And broke along our shore.
The holy skies have poured their rains,
And sifted down their snows,
Till the stain of the slain,
That beneath your turf repose,
Is washed away, and the sods are clean,
Where the martyred brave repose.

Even so will ice and water
Make clean our living clay; —
Then let them grace our festive board
On Independence day; —
The day that tells us of the blood
That was, like water, poured
From their veins, on the plains
Where our fathers grasped the sword,
Where the cumbrous sheath was thrown away,
And flashed the freeman's sword.

Ye heroes of the bottle,
Who "bumper" every toast,
Who keep your wine in cobwebs wrapped,
And make its age your boast,
The oldest wine your vaults have known
From press or vat to flow,
Is new to the dew
That six thousand years ago
Came down to fill our cups, one night,
Six thousand years ago.

Ye champions of cold water,
Who quaff that drink divine,
Who 've given your rum and brandy o'er,
And bid *adieu* to wine,
The bottles that ye crack to-day,
By God's own hand are given ; *
Some in earth have their birth,
And some are made in heaven ;
The granite rock and spring are those,
And these the clouds of heaven.

Then, UP the Temperance standard !
And plant it by the well,
And, shaded by its waving folds,
A choral anthem swell !
The anthem that is set to chime
With babbling waters sing,
Give one strain to the rain,
Give another to the spring,
Yea, give a chorus loud and long,
To aqueduct and spring !

* Who numbereth the clouds in wisdom ?
And who poureth out the bottles of heaven ?
Job xxxviii. 37.

X.

A Song written for the same occasion.

TUNE: "*Yankee Doodle.*"

SAYS Jonathan, says he, "To-day
I *will* be independent,
And so my grog I 'll throw away,
And that shall be the end on't.
Clear the house! the 'tarnal stuff
Shan't be here so handy;
Wife has given the winds her snuff,
So now here goes my brandy!
Chorus. Clear the house, &c.

"Our fathers, though a sturdy folk,
Were sometimes rayther skittish;
And so they wouldn't wear the yoke
Brought over by the British.
Yonder, on old Bunker's head,
From their necks they shook it;
There they fired off all their lead,
And *then they had to hook it.*
Chorus. Yonder, on, &c.

"But though they fit and run away,
They warn't a bit o' cowards;
They lived to fight another day,
When lookin' Gin'ral Howe-wards.

What could then the Gin'ral do
For his own salvation?
Why, he 'cussed and quit' the u-
nivarsal Yankee nation.
Chorus. What could then, &c.

"The tyrant that our fathers smoked
Lay skulkin' in a tea-pot;
There 's now 'a worser' to be choked,
In bottle, jug, or wee pot;
Often in a glass he shows
What he calls his 'body';
And often wades, up to his nose,
In a bowl of toddy.
Chorus. Often in a glass, &c.

"Sometimes he creeps up, through the slim
Stem of a very fine pipe;
And sometimes plunges, for a swim,
All over in a wine-pipe;
But, he 's tickled, most of all,
When he hears the summons
Down his favorite pipes to crawl, —
The wind-pipes of the rum-uns.
Chorus. But, he 's tickled, &c.

"And when he gets the upper hand, —
This tyrant, base and scurvy, —
He strips a man of house and land,
And turns him topsy-turvy.

Neck and heels he binds him fast,
And says that he is his'n;
But lets him have, rent free, at last,
A poor-house or a prison.
Chorus. Neck and heels, &c.

"And now," says Jonathan, "towards Rum
I 'm desperate unforgivin';
The tyrant, never more, shall come
Into 'the house I live in.'
Kindred spirits, too, shall in-
to outer darkness go forth;
Whisky, Toddy, Julep, Gin,
Brandy, Beer, and so forth.
Chorus. Kindred spirits, &c.

"While this COLD WATER fills my cup,
Duns dare not assail me;
Sheriffs shall not lock me up,
Nor my neighbours bail me;
Lawyers will I never let
'Choose me as defendant';
Till to death I pay my debt,
I WILL BE INDEPENDENT."
Chorus. Lawyers will I never let, &c.

XI.

Written for a Temperance Meeting in South Boston, September 6th, 1839.

AIR: "*When the trump of Fame.*"

LET the trump of Fame
Be blown in praise of all,
Who, in Virtue's name,
Fight or bravely fall!
On the heroes move,
Though hosts their march impede;
For the land they love
They plead, they plead.
Who hath ears to hear
Let him hear their plea,
And with holy fear
From the Tempter flee;
Till brew-house, vat, and still
Are swept from all our shore,
And hill shall shout to hill,
"Their slavery is no more!"

Cheer the patriot band,
Who, for their country, draw
The sword of God's right hand,
The sword of RIGHT and LAW!

They in His strength are strong,
 Who dare encounter loss,
While bearing thus along
 The cross, the cross.
Grasp, every man, his shield, —
 The shield of faith, — and come
On to the battle-field,
 Against the powers of Rum.
Those powers are shaken, even now!
 Of Heaven they 're not the powers!
Then on, with dauntless brow!
 The Victory is ours!

XII.

Morning Hymn for Family Worship.

Tune: "*Sicilian Hymn.*"

Source of being, Holy Father,
 With the day's returning light,
Round our board with thanks we gather,
 For the mercies of the night:

Mercies that the stars outnumber,
 Which their silent courses keep, —
Angel guards that never slumber, —
 While we lie and safely sleep.

Pillows, wet with tears of anguish,
Couches, pressed in sleepless woe,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father, may we never know!

For, the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lips be pressed,
But, our draft shall be, for ever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.

This shall give us strength to labor,
This, make all our stores increase;
This, with thee and with our neighbour,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.

For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook, and crystal spring,
Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

1840.

XIII.

Evening Hymn for Family Worship.

TUNE: "*Old Hundred.*"

THIS day, O God, thy blessed hand
Hath thrown wide open all thy stores,
And filled with bounty every land,
The sea, and all its sounding shores.

Beast, bird, fish, insect, hast thou fed
With fish or flesh, with grass or grain; —
For man a table hast thou spread
From field, flood, air, or roaring main.

But, for all things o'er earth that move,
In air or ocean soar or sink,
One thing hath thine unbounded love,
And only one, prepared for drink.

'T is water! In the living spring
It gusheth up to meet our lip;
In brooks we hear it murmuring,
From mossy rocks we see it drip.

It filleth Health and Beauty's cup,
And wrath and sorrow doth it drown,
As from our wells it cometh up,
As from thy clouds it cometh down.

For the cool water we have quaffed,
Source of all good! we owe thee much;
Our lips have touched no burning draught
This day, nor shall they ever touch.

When we retire to our repose,
And Night's dark curtains round us draw,
O guard us, as thou guardest those
Who trust thy care, and keep thy law!

1840.

XIV.

THE DRUNKARD'S FUNERAL.

THERE was, some eighteen years or more ago,
A young man, a parishioner of mine,
Whose name was Willard. There are Willards many,
As there are many Lords and many Smiths.
This Willard was a butcher; — and my meats
I often bought of him, in Boylston Market.

He was a man of about five feet ten;
Upright, of ample chest and well-knit frame.
His eyes were black; and, on his healthy cheeks,
The rose and lily met and kissed each other.
Had he, instead of Boston, dwelt in Rome,
The sculptors there, Thorwaldsen and Canova,
Might have pulled caps to see whose *studio*
Willard should grace by standing as a model,
When those magicians were about to call
A young Apollo from Carrara's marble.

His young wife, in her comfortable home,
I visited, in my parochial walks; —
And, for a year or two, his pew, I saw,
Was never empty on the Sabbath day.
But, after that, both from his pew and stall
He was an absentee; and then I learned
That he 'd become a drover; and, as such,

Went up and down the earth, and to and fro,
And dealt in bullocks, as he 'd dealt in beef.

Still later, — and, meanwhile, his face no more
Was seen with those who, in the holy place,
"Came to present themselves before the Lord;"
And, therefore, knew I him or his no more; —
I sometimes saw him, in the business streets,
Acting, it seemed to me, as owner, first,
And, last, as only driver, of a dray.
And then, for years, he was to me as lost.
His comely figure sometimes swam along
Before the closing eye of Memory;
And I would ask myself what had become
Of Willard; he had seemed like one on whom
The eye of Fortune had not turned with smiles; —
Like one who, on the ladder of affairs,
Had been, for some time, stepping, — like a man
Descending from a roof with empty hod, —
Backwards and downwards. But years rolled away;
The places he had filled were filled by others; —
Another, in the market, had his stall;
And, to his pew, another family
"Came, to present themselves before the Lord."
Such is the mutability of life!

Years passed; — and, late one Saturday, there came
A neighbour, to request that I would go,
And offer prayer with a poor family
Whose head was taken away. The tenement,
The cold brick tenement, where the poor wife
Sat with her children, shrouded in coarse weeds,

Appeared almost as chill and desolate
As did the cold, white tenement of clay,
That lay o'erthrown before me. There appeared,
Around the mourners, not a single thing
That spoke of comfort past, or good to come; —
Nothing, — save what the bowels of the law
Deny its harpy fingers. I saw then, —
What I 'd surmised, — that these poor, desolate ones
Must be, — they were! — a *drunkard's* family.

To pray with those from whom the hand of death
Hath taken away the reverend and the wise,
Or, "in its infant innocence," removed
The babe, the budding child, — meet type of heaven! —
Is a delightful office. Then the eye
Of Christian faith follows the soul, set free
From sensual chains and lures, and sees it wing
Its upward way; — and sees the gates of bliss
Swing open wide, to let the white dove in.

How full of comfort is the Holy Book,
For such as mourn the righteous and the pure!
How full of consolation *then* may be
The voice of him, whose office 't is to give
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" But, oh!
If thou 'st a heart that pity e'er hath touched,
Pity him, who the sacrifice of prayer
Must offer at a drunkard's funeral!

The brothers of the man, o'er whose remains
Prayer must be made, had from the country come
To take the body back, — now that the town

Had wrought its work upon it, — and to lay
What was once beautiful and full of life,
Into the kind arms of its mother, Earth.

The coffin's lid was closed. Before I prayed,
I stepped up by its side, to read the name
Cut on the metal plate ; — for though the shades
Of evening were descending, there was light
Enough thrown off from its reflecting face
For me to see that " Willard " was the name !

Ere I withdrew, I took the widow's hand,
Dropped what poor words of comfort I could find,
And said, " On Monday I will visit you."

I did so. On the corner of her hearth,
On which were burning a few coals and brands,
I found her sitting. She was bending o'er
Her youngest child, — an infant, in her lap, —
On which she seemed to gaze in speechless woe.
Deep o'er her eyes, concealing all her face,
Fell the wide ruffle of her cap of crape.
A little barefoot girl, some ten years old,
Was taxing all her strength, o'er the poor fire
To hang an iron kettle ; — not for tea,
Nor yet to cleanse the *dishes*, to be used
At an approaching dinner ; but, to wash,
As it appeared, the few and tattered shreds
That death and infancy had lately worn.

I sat down by the desolate one, and strove
By words of soothing to dissolve the spell

That sorrow seemed to have thrown over her.
But, she was dumb, — she opened not her mouth.
My heart for her apologized, and said
"A hopeless, tearless, voiceless grief is this," —
(For, all this while, no tear dropped on her babe!)
"And well it may be such! for, what a scene
Is this around her! What sad memories come
Up, from the past, to greet her! And, before,
O, what a dark and dreary prospect opens!
What *can* she say to me, — or I to her?"
Thus pleaded my heart for her. Then I spake, —
For something must be spoken, — of a trust
With which a Christian woman should resign
Her loved and lost ones, — even though they 'd fallen,
As her poor husband fell, — to His high call,
Who knoweth well how feeble is our frame,
And "who remembereth that we are dust."
Then spake I of her children, who had now
No earthly father their young feet to guide,
And who on her sole arm must therefore lean
For care and culture. To a mother's hand,
And now to hers alone, they 'd look for bread.
"Shouldst thou not, then, for these, thy children's sake,
With all the strength thy God hath given thee,
Bear up the burden that His mighty hand
Hath laid upon thy spirit? Shouldst thou not
Lift up thine eyes and heart to Him, and say,
'Lord, here am I, and those whom thou hast given me!
Help me, who feel thy rod, ne'er to complain
Of Him who hath appointed it! O, lead
Me, and these little ones of mine, to Thee;

And may we all, in Thee, a Father find,
Since he who was their earthly father 's gone ! '
Yea, widowed mourner, though bereft of him
On whose kind arm thou leanedst in thy youth,
Be not disconsolate, or overcome
By a too deep affliction. Lift thy heart, —
Lift up thine eyes ! " And she *did* lift them up !
Then, for the first time, lifted she her eyes, —
They were the maudlin eyes of drunkenness !
She was, indeed, " o'ercome," — but not with grief !
Rum was the " rod " that she was bowing under !
Yes ! that poor widowed one, who, two days since, —
Nay, not two days ! — had seen her husband borne
To the low house appointed for all living, —
A victim and a trophy of " the trade," —
Her little children hungering for the bread
That only she could give them, — one of them,
Even then, receiving its whole stream of life
From her own bosom ! — at the very hour
When he, who had commended her to God,
Yea, and would yet commend her, was to come,
To weep with them who wept, and kneel beside
The robbed and wounded, — come to stanch the blood,
And pour in oil and wine, — that woman, *then*,
Was so profoundly steeped in what men make,
And what the law of e'en this Christian land
Allows expressly to be sold, and borne
From house to house, and drunk in families, —
And all this, as it says, " for public good," —
That, while I sat beside her, from her breast,
Her lap, her drunken arms, she let her babe
Upon the hearth-stone fall !

Now, in all this, there is no poetry ; —
The tale is simple fact, and simply told.
The hand of God, — that painteth evening's clouds,
The gloom of midnight, and the morning's glory,
Who poureth round the death-bed of the just
A light that prompteth him with dying voice
To cry, " O grave, where is thy victory ? " —
Hath painted, with the pencil of events,
This gloomy picture, and hath hung it up
Within the chamber of my memory.
I cannot copy it stronger than it is,
Nay, nor yet *as* it is ! Yet there are those,
To whom this tale of real life, — and death, —
Thus simply told, without a single word
Of denunciation, censure, or rebuke
Towards those who made, or sold, or drank the death
To soul and body that hath here been seen,
Will give offence. Then spread it out, O God,
My Judge, and his and hers, of whom 't is told,
Yea, and the Judge of all who saw the man
Go down into his grave, and *led* him down,
By reaching forth their hand, with that in it
Which he knew, and which they knew, would be death, —
Spread out the tale, O God, as here it is,
Upon that record from which all, at last, —
I, and all those for whom I live and labor,
My family, my flock, my age, my race, —
Shall " in that day " be judged, — spread it all out,
As I have written it, — as it hath lain
For years, beneath thine own all-seeing eye,
And let thy judgment, then, between me pass
And those to whom I may have given offence,

Whether I write in hatred or in love,
Whether they read in charity or not!
But, so do unto me, and to my house,
And more, — if more than this of earthly woe
Thou hast in store for one who fears thee not, —
If I be let, by this world's fears or hopes,
From speaking, while thou keep'st me in thy service,
The word which thou commandest me to speak!

But give me, God of wisdom and of grace,
Give me the wisdom, all thy words of truth
And grace, with grace to speak. What is severe
In manner, tone, or spirit, — help me soften,
Till all my words become like his who spake
For Thee as never man before had spoken, —
In some good measure worthy of thy truth, —
Thy truth that sanctifies and saves the soul!
But, to that truth, — while I 've a tongue to speak,
A pen to write it, or a heart to feel
Its beauty and its power, – O, let me ne'er
Prove faithless! To thy guiding hand, my God,
I give this simple tale. While writing it,
I 've been drawn nearer to thee. In thy courts,
This day, I could not serve thee; — for thy hand
Hath gently touched me with infirmity; —
Upon thine altar, in my house, I lay
This little offering. Accept it, Lord,
With those that have been made thee in thine own!

Sunday, February 24th, 1839.

VI.

FUNEREAL PIECES.

FUNEREAL PIECES.

I.

THE EXILE AT REST.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;—
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;—
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone;—not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now alone;—the star,
That led him on from crown to crown,
Hath sunk;—the nations from afar
Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone;—the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch ; — the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark ! Comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him ? — No ; —

The only, the perpetual dirge,
That 's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

1828.

II.

Written for the Obsequies of Dr. Gaspard Spurzheim, which were celebrated in the Old South Church, Boston, November 17th, 1832.

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet ;
All our stricken hearts deplore thee ;
Who, that knew thee, can forget ?
Who forget what thou hast spoken ?
Who, thine eye, — thy noble frame ?
But that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'T is in love we bear thee thither,
To thy mourning Mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave
To the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man, of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine, —
Taught and charmed as by no other
We have been, and hoped to be;
But, while waiting round thee, brother,
For thy light, — 't is dark with thee.

Dark with thee? — No; thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love, shall give thee greater
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit
Back we give, in filial trust;
Thy cold clay, — we grieve to bear it
To its chamber, — but we must.

III.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. F—— H——.

E. C. S. to the Memory of her Sister.

Dear sister! we were little girls
When we were standing by,
With eyes brim full of melting pearls,
To see our father die.

Round our wet cheeks the ringlets curled,
When last he kissed both of us;
And then we had not in the world
A parent left to love us.

But, from that memorable day,
Have we not loved each other?
And have we not loved *thee*? — O say,
Dear mother of our mother!

For, then it was thine arms were flung
Around the orphan girls,
And to thy bosom have we clung,
And thou hast combed our curls,

And thou hast laid us in our bed,
And knelt in prayer above us. —
Blessings be on thine aged head!
It showed how thou didst love us.

Sister, when thou wast made a wife
And I was left her only,
I thought I never, in my life,
Could feel again so lonely.

Yet soon I learned to look upon
Thy husband as my brother;
And, O how bright that morning shone,
When I saw thee a mother!

That was the last of all the suns
That will look bright to me;
The loved, — the lost, — the buried ones
Must now make room for thee!

One more look, ere thou goest to rest!
And let me see thee so, —
Thine infant lying on thy breast, —
A rose-bud on the snow.

It weeps, — my dear dead sister, now
Thou canst not hear its moan, —
One kiss upon this marble brow!
O now I *am* alone!

1837.

IV.

HER CHOSEN SPOT.

She selected the place for her grave, in the new Cemetery at Worcester, while she felt herself sinking under the power of consumption. She was the first whose remains were laid in that beautiful resting-place of the dead.

While yet she lived, she walked alone
Among these shades. A voice divine
Whispered, — "This spot shall be thine own;
Here shall thy wasting form recline,
Beneath the shadow of this pine."

"Thy will be done!" the sufferer said. —
This spot was hallowed from that hour;
And, in her eyes, the evening's shade
And morning's dew this green spot made
More lovely than her bridal bower.

By the pale moon, — herself more pale
And spirit-like, — these walks she trod;
And, while no voice, from swell or vale,
Was heard, she knelt upon this sod
And gave her spirit back to God.

That spirit, with an angel's wings,
Went up from the young mother's bed.
So, heavenward, soars the lark and sings; —
She 's lost to earth and earthly things; —
But "weep not, for she is not dead,

She sleepeth!" — Yea, she sleepeth here,
The first that in these grounds hath slept.
This grave, first watered with the tear
That child or widowed man hath wept,
Shall be by heavenly watchmen kept.

The babe that lay on her cold breast, —
A rose-bud, dropped on drifted snow, —
Its young hand in its father's pressed,
Shall learn that she, who first caressed
Its infant cheek, now sleeps below.

And often shall he come alone,
When not a sound but evening's sigh
Is heard, and, bowing by the stone
That bears his mother's name, with none
But God and guardian angels nigh,

Shall say, — "This was my mother's choice
For her own grave, — O, be it mine!
Even now, methinks, I hear her voice
Calling me hence, in the divine
And mournful whisper of this pine."

1838.

V.

LYDIA.

Miss Lydia B. Gates, only daughter of Colonel William Gates, of the United States Army, died at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, New York, February 28th, 1839, aged 19.

I saw her mother's eye of love
As gently on her rest,
As falls the light of evening's sun
Upon a lily's breast.
And the daughter to the mother raised
Her calm and loving eye,
As a lake, among its sheltering hills,
Looks upward to the sky.

I 've seen a swelling rose-bud hang
Upon its parent stem,
Just opening to the light, and graced
With many a dewy gem,
And, ere that bud had spread its leaves
And thrown its fragrance round,
I 've seen it perish on its stem,
And drop upon the ground.

So, in her yet unfolding bloom,
Hath Lydia felt the blast;
A worm unseen hath done its work;—
To earth the bud is cast,

And on her lowly resting-place, —
As on the rose-bud's bed
Drops from the parent tree are showered, —
Her parents' tears are shed.

And other eyes there are that loved
Upon that bud to rest;
There 's one who long had hoped to wear
The rose upon his breast;
Who 'd watched and waited lovingly
Till it was fully blown,
And who had e'en put forth his hand,
To pluck it as his own.

A stronger hand than his that flower
Hath gathered from its tree!
And borne it hence, in Paradise
To bloom immortally;
And all that breathe the fragance there
That its young leaves exhale,
It shall remind of Sharon's rose, —
The lily of the vale.

The soldier father have I seen
Suppress a struggling sigh,
And a tear, whene'er he spoke of her,
Stood trembling in his eye; —
No other daughter, in his arms,
Had ever slept, a child,
No other daughter, on his knee,
Had ever sat and smiled.

And he was far away from her,
 But for her had his fears,
And anxious thoughts, upon his brow,
 Had left the stamp of years;
And now the grave hath, from his hand,
 Received its sacred trust,
And father's, mother's, lover's tears
 Have mingled with her dust.

Peace to her dust! for, surely, peace
 Her gentle spirit knows;
Around her narrow house, on earth,
 The night wind sadly blows,
But heavenly airs, that through the trees
 Of life for ever play,
Are breathing on her spirit's brow,
 To dry her tears away.

1839.

VI.

Written for the Funeral Service in Commemoration of the Life and Character of Charles Follen, before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, April 17th, 1840.

O, NOT for thee we weep; — we weep
 For her, whose lone and long caress,
And widow's tears, from fountains deep,
 Fall on the early fatherless.

'T is for ourselves we mourn; — we mourn
Our blighted hopes, our wishes crossed,
Thy strength, that hath our burdens borne,
Thy love, thy smile, thy counsels lost.

'T is for the slave we sigh; — we sigh
To think thou sleepest on a shore
Where thy calm voice and beaming eye
Shall plead the bondman's cause no more.

'T is for our land we grieve; — we grieve
That Freedom's fane, Devotion's shrine,
And Faith's fresh altar, thou shouldst leave,
And they all lose a soul like thine.

A soul like thine, — so true a soul,
Wife, friends, our land, the world, must miss;
The waters o'er thy corse may roll, —
But thy pure spirit is in bliss.

VII.

A SISTER'S THOUGHTS OVER A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse
His radiant eyes hath shrouded o'er,
And slander's poison, from the lips
Of woman, on his heart no more
Distils, and burns it to its core.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit
That beamed forth from his living brow,
Prompt, at the shrine of real merit,
With reverence and with truth to bow,
Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

He sleeps in peace! And, while he sleeps,
He dreams not of earth's loves or strifes;
The tears a sister for him weeps, —
He knows not that they 're *not* his wife's!
His thoughts are all another life's.

I hope he knows not that the hand
Once given to him is now another's;
I know, the flame that once it fanned
Had all gone out. I know my brother's
Last thoughts were of my love and mother's.

I hope he knows not that his child
Hears not nor knows its father's name.
Keep its young spirit undefiled
And worthy of its father's fame,
O Thou, from whom its spirit came!

Thou Father of the fatherless,
The mantle that my brother wore, —
The robe of truth and faithfulness, —
Keep, for his infant, in thy store;
My brother hath left nothing more!

That mantle! — men had seen him throw
It amply round him ere it fell!
Peace, brother, 't is as white as snow;
No one of all on earth that dwell
Can stain what once became thee well.

In peace thou sleepest; — through the bars
Of its dim cell thy spirit fled;
And now thy sister and the stars
Their tears of dew and pity shed,
Heart-broken brother, on thy bed.

1840.

VIII.

MY FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHERS, SISTERS.

They are all gone, but one. —
A daughter and a son
Were, from my parents, early taken away;
And my own childhood's joy
Was darkened when, a boy,
I saw them, in their coffins as they lay.

To manhood had I grown;
And children of my own
Were gathering round me, when my mother died.
I saw not her cold clay,
When it was borne away
And buried by her little children's side,

Beneath the now green sod. —
She led me first to God ;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew.
For, when she used to leave
The fireside, every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.

That dew, that blessed my youth, —
Her holy love, her truth,
Her spirit of devotion, and the tears
That she could not suppress, —
Hath never ceased to bless
My soul, nor will it, through eternal years.

How often has the thought
Of my mourned mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel !
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blessed me since thy mortal hour !

Two younger sisters then,
Both wives of worthy men,
After each one of them had been a mother,
Were touched by the cold hand,
And to the spirit-land,
In quick succession, followed one the other.

To neither could I speak ;
Nor, on the marble cheek
Of either, drop a mourning brother's tear. —
The husband of the one,
The other's only son,
Have since been borne away upon the bier.

Lake Erie's waters cold
Over a brother rolled :
The day was bright; the lake scarce felt a breeze ;
While *I* have yet been spared,
Though dangers I have dared,
Storms, rocks, and pirates in the Grecian seas.

Dear brother ! in my dreams
Thy floating body seems
To lift its hand, and my poor aid implore !
I 'm wakened by my weeping,
And know that thou art sleeping
In thy lone grave, on low Sandusky's shore.

I had one brother more,
The last my mother bore ;
He was a boy when forth I went to roam.
He delved upon the farm ;
Our father's aged arm
Leaned upon him, — his hope, his prop, — at home.

He sunk beneath the weight
Of manly cares. A great
And growing name he left for strength and worth.
'T was but five months ago!
My father felt the blow,
And now he, too, has passed away from earth.

O, could I but have heard
One parting, blessing word
From all these dying loved ones! But the pall,
Unseen by me, was thrown,
And the green turf hath grown,
Wet by no tear of mine, over them all;—

All, but the last:— thank God!
Before the heavy clod
Fell on *his* coffin, to its side I drew;
And, though the thin, white hair
Lay, like the hoar frost, there,
My hand his forehead pressed, that felt like freezing dew.

It had been marked with care,
It had been bowed in prayer,
For many a year ere death upon it stole.
O'er it I bent alone.
'T was love's forsaken throne,
And its death chill went to my very soul!

Of all am I bereft!
Only one sister left, —
A weeping willow, that to many a blast
Hath bowed her slender form. —
O God, hold back the storm
That thou shalt send to break her down, at last!

Father, to thee I bow!
In very love hast thou
Thy children summoned from earth's toils and tears.
Uphold me by thy strength,
Until I join, at length,
The friends thou gavest to my earliest years.

1840.

VII.

HYMNS AND ODES

FOR

ANNIVERSARY, CENTENNIAL,

AND OTHER

CELEBRATIONS.

HYMNS AND ODES.

I.

Written for the Celebration of Washington's Birth-day by the Washington Benevolent Society of Newburyport, February 22d, 1813.

On the birth-day of Time, the young monarch of light
With his beams waked from slumber the virgin creation; —
So, dispelling the gloom of Cimmerian night,
The lustre of Washington burst on our nation.
And this is the morn
The Hero was born,
Whose virtues shall History's pages adorn;
And his spirit awakes from the sleep of the grave,
To meet with his friends; — for his friends are the brave.

The same spirit descends, borne on pinions of light,
That guided to fame our immortal commander;
O'er the ashes of Moscow she urges her flight,
And smiles while she hovers around Alexander.
She points to his rest
In the bowers of the blest,
Where the sunshine of peace warms the patriot's breast;
Where Washington, waked from the sleep of the grave,
Waits to welcome his friend; — for his friend is the brave.

The Serpent of France, nursed on carnage and spoil,
In whose poisonous train war and pestilence follow,
In agony writhes his voluminous coil,
Like the Python, assailed by the shafts of Apollo.
And, while patriot zeal
Gives the monster to feel
The lance of Koutousoff and Wellington's steel,
The spirit of Washington wakes from his grave,
To rejoice with his friends; — for his friends are the brave.

Though Columbia, ingulfed in a vortex of blood,
Hurls her gauntlet, unarmed, at the proud Queen of Ocean; —
Let thy spirit, great Hero, descend on the flood,
And rescue thy child from the mighty commotion. —
And, with boundless acclaim,
We 'll ascribe to thy name
All that 's sacred in honor, or lasting in fame;
Till the fields of our fathers be Liberty's grave,
And virtue expire in the breast of the brave.

II.

Written for the Washington Benevolent Society's Celebration, in Boston, February 22d, 1814.

HARK! 't is the children of Washington, pouring
The full tide of song to the conqueror's praise,
Whose brows our young eagle, triumphantly soaring
From the dun smoke of battle, encircled with bays.
And while the choral song
Floats on the air along,
Blending the tones of the mellowing strain,
Bright o'er the melting soul
New scenes of glory roll,
Glory that spreads its broad blaze o'er the main.

Hail to the brave, who, in language of thunder,
Borne on the foam-crested billows to war,
Claim of their foe no inglorious plunder, —
The trident of Neptune and Victory's car.
And, while Columbia's stars
Wave o'er her gallant tars,
Bounding in triumph along the blue deep,
See, o'er the bloody wave,
Many a Briton's grave,
The proud Queen of Ocean disconsolate weep.

Hail to yon orient star, that adorning
And gilding the skies with its ravishing light,
Blazes unquenched on the forehead of morning,
And dispels the cold gloom of oppression and night.
'T is by that ruddy glow
Slaves and their tyrant know
Freedom and Hope to the world have returned;
So shone the pilot star,
Hailed from the east afar,
That over the manger of Bethlehem burned.

Peace to the dust, that in silence reposes
Beneath the dark boughs of the cypress and yew;
Let spring deck the spot with her earliest roses,
And heaven wash their leaves in its holiest dew.
Calm as the hero's soul,
Let the Potomac roll,
Watering the willow that over him weeps,
And, from his glassy wave,
Softly reflect the grave
Where all that was mortal of Washington sleeps.

Hail, holy shade! we would proudly inherit
The flame that once deigned in thy bosom to glow,
While yet but one spark of thy patriot spirit,
Thy godlike benevolence, lingers below.
Ne'er let thy favorite tree,
Sacred to Liberty,
By anarchy's sulphury sirocco be riven;
But, in immortal bloom,
Rise o'er its planter's tomb,
Rich with perfume as the breezes of heaven.

III.

Written for the Celebration of American Independence, in Boston, July 4th, 1822.

Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace! — whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er; —
O, let freemen be our sons;
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
Till there 's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warrior's gory breast, —
Never let our graves be pressed
By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes, — let our heirs
Bow to Thee alone.

IV.

Written for the Anniversary of the Pilgrim Society, celebrated at Plymouth, December 22d, 1824.

The Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they? —
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black wth storms,
And white the shore with snow.
Chorus. Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, &c.

The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ; —
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.
Chorus. It is gone from the bay, where it spread that day, &c.

The Pilgrim exile, — sainted name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ; —
But the Pilgrim, — where is he ?
Chorus. He is not in the bay, as he was that day, &c.

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;
When Summer 's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast ;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.
Chorus. Not such was the ray, that he shed that day, &c.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled ;
It walks in noon's broad light ;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the MAYFLOWER lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.
Chorus. It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
&c.

V.

Written for the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825.

O, is not this a holy spot!
'T is the high place of Freedom's birth!
God of our fathers! is it not
The holiest spot of all the earth?

Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side;
The robber roams o'er Sinai now;
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on *this* hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.

Here sleeps their dust; 't is holy ground;
And we, the children of the brave,
From the four winds are gathered round,
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,
 Free as the waves below us spread,
We rear a pile, that long shall throw
 Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
 While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame ;
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
 And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

VI.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

A Song for the Table, on the same Occasion.

Stand ! the ground 's your own, my braves !
Will ye give it up to slaves ?
Will ye look for greener graves ?
 Hope ye mercy still ?
What 's the mercy despots feel ?
Hear it in that battle-peal !
Read it on yon bristling steel !
 Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?
Will ye to your *homes* retire ?
Look behind you ! they 're a-fire !

And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, — and die we must; —
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

VII.

Written for the Charlestown Centennial Celebration, June 17th, 1830.

Two hundred years! — two hundred years!
How much of human power and pride,
What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!

The red man, at his horrid rite,
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,
His bark canoe, its track of light
Left on the wave beneath the moon, —

His dance, his yell, his council-fire,
The altar where his victim lay,
His death-song, and his funeral pyre,
That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale Pilgrim band is gone,
That, on this shore, with trembling trod,
Ready to faint, yet bearing on
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war, — that, since, o'er ocean came,
And thundered loud from yonder hill,
And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame,
To blast that ark, — its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,
That live in story and in song,
Time, for the last two hundred years,
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'T is like a dream when one awakes, —
This vision of the scenes of old ;
'T is like the moon when morning breaks,
'T is like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then what are we ? — then what are we ?
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled
O'er our green graves, our names shall be
A morning dream, a tale that 's told.

God of our fathers, — in whose sight
The thousand years, that sweep away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day, —

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
That makes thy children, in all time,
To share thine own eternity.

VIII.

Written for the Second Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Boston, September 17th, 1830.

Break forth in song, ye trees,
As, through your tops, the breeze
Sweeps from the sea!
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled though free.

Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due; —
These are the great of earth,
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights,
Shall shine afar,
They who name the name
Of Freedom, toward the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Toward Bethlehem's star.

Gone are those great and good,
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust, —
The faith, that dared the sea,
The truth, that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy ONE,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills,
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let thy light repose
On these our hills.

IX.

Written for the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Birth-day of George Washington, Boston, February 22d, 1832.

To Thee, beneath whose eye
Each circling century
 Obedient rolls,
Our nation, in its prime,
Looked with a faith sublime,
And trusted, in "the time
 That tried men's souls," —

When, from this gate of heaven,*
People and priest were driven
 By fire and sword,
And, where thy saints had prayed,
The harnessed war-horse neighed,
And horsemen's trumpets brayed
 In harsh accord.

Nor was our fathers' trust,
Thou Mighty One and Just,

* The Old South Church was taken possession of by the British, while they held Boston, and converted into barracks for the cavalry, the pews being cut up for fuel, or used in constructing stalls for their horses.

Then put to shame;
"Up to the hills," for light,
Looked they in peril's night,
And, from yon guardian height,*
Deliverance came.

There, like an angel form,
Sent down to still a storm,
Stood WASHINGTON!
Clouds broke and rolled away;
Foes fled in pale dismay;
Wreathed were his brows with bay,
When war was done.

God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless,
And, like the brave and wise
Of by-gone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
In righteousness.

* From his position on Dorchester Heights, that overlook the town, General Washington succeeded in compelling the British forces to evacuate Boston.

X.

Written for the Celebration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, April 20th,* 1835.

Long, in a nameless grave,
Bones of the true and brave!
Have ye reposed.
This day, our hands have dressed,
This day, our prayers have blessed
A chamber for your rest;
And now 't is closed.

Sleep on, ye slaughtered ones!
Your spirit, in your sons,
Shall guard your dust,
While winter comes in gloom,
While spring returns with bloom,
Nay, — till this honored tomb
Gives up its trust.

When war's first blast was heard,
These men stood forth to guard
Thy house, O God!
And now thy house shall keep
Its vigils where they sleep,
And long its shadow sweep
O'er their green sod.

* The anniversary of the battle, the 19th, occurring on Sunday, this celebration took place on the following day.

In morning's prime they bled;
And morning finds their bed
With tears all wet;
Tears that thy hosts of light,
Rising in order bright,
To watch their tomb all night,
Shed for them yet.

Nought shall their slumber break;
For "they shall not awake,
Nor yet be raised
Out of their sleep," before
Thy heavens, now arching o'er
Their couch, shall be no more. —
THY NAME BE PRAISED!

XI.

Written for the Second Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Dedham, September 21st, 1836.

NOT now, O God, beneath the trees
That shade this plain, at night's cold noon
Do Indian war-songs load the breeze,
Or wolves sit howling to the moon.

The foes, the fears, our fathers felt
Have, with our fathers, passed away;
And where, in their dark hours, they knelt,
We come to praise thee and to pray.

We praise thee that thou plantedst them,
And mad'st thy heavens drop down their dew.
We pray that, shooting from their stem,
We long may flourish where they grew.

And, Father, leave us not alone; —
Thou hast been, and art still our trust; —
Be thou our fortress, till our own
Shall mingle with our fathers' dust.

VIII.

PATRIOTIC AND POLITICAL PIECES.

PATRIOTIC AND POLITICAL.

I.

THE PORTRAIT.

Delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society, of Newburyport, October 27th, 1812.

Why does the eye, with greater pleasure, rest
On the proud oak, in vernal honors drest,
When sultry gales, that to his arms repair,
Are cooled and freshened, while they linger there;
Than when his fading robes are seared, and cast
On the cold mercy of November's blast? —
Why on the rose, when first her bosom spreads
To drink the dew that summer's evening sheds,
Or when she blushes, on her native thorn,
To meet the kisses of the smiling morn;
Than when her leaves, neglected, fall around,
Flit on the breeze, or wither on the ground? —
Why on Apollo, when his coursers rise,
And breathe on man the ardor of the skies;
Than when they stoop, their fervid limbs to rest,
And drink the cooling waters of the west? —
And why on man, when buoyant hope beats high,
Health on his cheek, and lustre in his eye,

In every limb when youth and vigor dwell,
Brace every nerve, and every muscle swell;
Than when his frame displays the ruthless rage
Of care, and sorrow, and disease, and age? —
Why, but because the Author of the mind,
Enthroned in glory, and in light enshrined,
When first he beamed, upon the breathing clay,
The light divine of intellectual day, —
Perfect himself, — infused that spark of fire,
That still pursues its nature to aspire,
And warms the bosom with a generous glow,
Whene'er it meets perfection here below,
But sinks within us, with expiring ray,
When doomed to dwell on emblems of decay?

And, if the mind can thus, delighted, scan
A tree, — a flower, — the orb of day, — a man;
How must it swell, when from the womb of earth
It sees a *nation* "bursting into birth,"
And, by enchantment, planting on her strand
A flag, that waving o'er the sea and land,
By stripes and stars, on silken folds unfurled,
Displays her strength and splendor to the world! —
But if this prospect cheers the heart of man,
Whether he dwells in England or Japan,
Whether he hears the billowy Baltic roar,
Or courts the breeze on Coromandel's shore;
What a strong current of delight must roll,
Resistless, o'er the veteran soldier's soul,
Who, in the volume of that nation's fame,
By Clio written, reads his General's name! —

And if, my friends, the hardy *soldier's* pride
Would swell his breast, with such a generous tide,
While musing on his country, while he saw
The harmonious couple, Liberty and Law,
Attend his person wheresoe'er he roved,
And shield, at home, the family he loved, —
That wife, who, yielding to her country's call,
Resigned her husband, and in him her all; —
That child, who since upon his knees has hung,
And learned the battle from his father's tongue,
And, while the soldier proudly said, "My son,
That," — pointing to his musket, — "that 's the gun
That gave you freedom, and when you 're a man,
Use it for me, when I no longer can," —
Would weep to hear his sire's prophetic sigh,
And see the tear that trembled in his eye; —
If such a breast would swell with such a tide,
If such a heart would glow with such a pride,
If such an eye in tears of joy would melt,
What, while on earth, must WASHINGTON have felt!

Thou spotless patriot! thou illustrious man!
Methinks, while yet on earth, thy heaven began;
For is there pleasure purer, more refined,
More worthy of thine own ethereal mind,
Than thrilled, with lively transport, through thy frame,
And played around thy heart, with lambent flame,
To see Columbia, guided by thy hand,
Plant, in the bosom of thy native land,
That tree that flourished so divinely fair,
And took such root, beneath thy fostering care,

As soon o'er half a continent to spread
Its fragrant leaves, and give a nation shade ; —
That tree, whose root descended from the skies,
That grows by culture, but neglected dies,
That tree, beneath whose boughs thy spirit fled,
That tree, whose fading leaves deplore the dead ?
And now, great Father of thy Country, say,
Ere angels bore thee to the fields of day,
Did not thine eye, with holy rapture, view
That *Tree of Liberty*, while yet it grew
Vigorous and green ? — And did it not impart,
To every fibre of thy godlike heart,
A joy, while waving o'er thy mortal brow,
Next to the amaranth, that shades thee now ?

That hero 's dead ! — And does his country mourn,
Embalm his ashes in a golden urn,
And in a sculptured vault the relics lay,
Where fires, like Vesta's, emulate the day
With light divine, as through its silent halls
The holy rays reflect from porphyry walls ? —
Do temples, arched with Parian marble, rise
In regal pomp, beneath these western skies,
And on their front, emblazoned by the sun,
Give to the world the name of WASHINGTON ? —
Breathes he in marble, in her senate's hall ?
Lives he in bronze, within her Capitol ?
Does the imperial mausoleum show,
In proud magnificence, her depth of woe ?
And do her children, with a holy zeal,
From rough St. Lawrence to the warm Mobile,

For pilgrim's staff, their friends, their home resign,
And, like the Arab to Mohammed's shrine,
To that majestic monument repair,
And, for their country, pour a pilgrim's prayer?

Shame on that country! everlasting shame!
She bids no blazing sunbeam write his name;
His sacred ashes consecrate no urn;
No vault is sculptured, and no vestals mourn;
No marble temple meets the rising day;
No obelisk reflects the evening ray;
Those lips, long hushed in death, among his sons
Nor smile in marble, nor yet breathe in bronze;
No solemn anthem o'er his tomb is sung;
No prayer is heard there, from a pilgrim's tongue!—
But o'er the grave, where Vernon's hero sleeps,
The tall grass sighs, the waving willow weeps;
And, while the pale moon trembles through the trees,
That bend and rustle to the nightly breeze,
The bird of night, — the only mourner there, —
Pours on the chilling wind her solemn air;
While flows Potomac silently along,
And listens to her melancholy song.

And shall, my friends, the venerable dust,
That once enshrined the spirit of THE JUST,
Slumber forgotten? — Shall no patriot's tear,
Warm as the life-blood, trickle on his bier,
And soothe his mighty shade, that hovers nigh,
To catch the tear, and mingle with the sigh,

That flows for him, or breaks the silence dread,
That fills the oblivious mansion of the dead ?
Nay, — shall the freemen whom his valor saved,
For whom, in life, a thousand deaths he braved,
And on whose sons, in rich profusion, poured
The joys of peace, the trophies of his sword,
In the black robes of infamy be drest,
Because their saviour's bones unhonored rest ; —
And yet shall *we*, who meet with kindred minds,
Whom honor animates, and friendship binds ; —
We, through whose veins, — as warmly as the blood
That warms our hearts, — rolls a congenial flood
Of fearless indignation, that belongs
To federal freemen, under federal wrongs ; —
Shall *we*, on whom his sacred mantle rests,
Who wear the badge * of union on our breasts ; —
Shall *we* neglect the few pale flowers that bloom,
And shed their fragrance, on our father's tomb,
Braving, while rooted there, thy tempest rude,
And all thy wintry frosts, Ingratitude ?
Then let each string that wakes, within my soul, —
Untaught by reason, and above control, —
A tone, accordant with the notes sublime,
That trembling float upon the tide of time,
Blown from the trump of Fame, to bear along
The warrior's valor, and the poet's song,
Cease its vibration ; — let oblivion, then,
That first of federalists, that first of men,
Hide from my view for ever ; — let no joy
Beam on my days ; — let blighting blasts destroy

* A white rose, tied with a blue ribbon.

My every hope ; — here let me live accursed,
The best my enemies, my friends the worst ; —
And when Death's icy touch shall hush my tongue,
Be no grave opened, and no requiem sung ;
But, from Earth's consecrated bosom thrust,
Let asps and adders coil upon my dust !

Then, while the hours pursue their viewless flight,
And roll along the sable car of night,
Let us, my friends, turn back our eyes, and gaze
On the bright orbs that gilded other days ;
Each in his sphere, revolving round the sun,
That gave them warmth and lustre, — Washington.
But, while we see them in their orbits roll,
Bright as the stars, unshaken as the pole,
Pure as the dew, as summer's evening mild,
By no cloud shaded, by no lust defiled,
While all around their common centre sweep,
Illume the earth, or blaze along the deep,
Who, but exclaims, beneath the o'erwhelming light,
" Visions of Glory, spare my aching sight ! " *

Thou hoary monarch ! since thy tyrant hand
First shook o'er earth thy sceptre and thy sand,
Or waved thy sithe, commissioned to destroy,
O'er Balbec's columns, or the towers of Troy, —
Nay, since in youth, thou bad'st the rosy hours
Smile upon Adam, under Eden's bowers,
Hadst thou e'er seen a clime, more blest than this,
More richly fraught with beauty and with bliss ?

* Gray.

E'er seen a brighter constellation glow,
With all that 's pure and dignified below,
Than moved, harmonious, round that wondrous man,
Whose deeds of glory with his life began,
Whose name, the proudest on thy proudest page,
Shall fill with admiration every age!

Then, with such rays as gild the morning, shone,
In peerless pomp, thy genius, HAMILTON!
Sublime as heaven, and vigorous as sublime,
He, in his flight, outstripped the march of Time,
Plucked from each age the product of each soil,
And o'er thy country poured the generous spoil.
By thine own labors, without aid from France,*
We saw the splendid fabric of finance, —
Beneath whose dome, confusion, in thy hands,
Order became; and (even as did the sands,
O'er which the waters of Pactolus rolled,
When Midas touched them,) paper turned to gold, —
At once, the boast and wonder of mankind,
Rise at thy spell, — the creature of thy mind.
Thus, when Amphion left Cithæron's shade,
Beside Ismenus' wave the shepherd strayed;
And, as he roamed in solitude along,
And charmed the ear of Silence with a song,
Sweeping, in symphony, his tuneful string,
That flung its wild notes on the Zephyr's wing,
The walls of Thebes with many a glittering spire,
Rose to the strong enchantment of his lyre.

* *Geneva*, the native country of *A. Gallatin*, our present Secretary of the Treasury, now (1812) forms a part of the French Empire.

Immortal statesman! while the stars shall burn,
Or to the pole the trembling needle turn,
Ne'er shall the tide of dark oblivion roll
Over that "strong divinity of soul
That conquered fate," * and traversed, unconfined,
The various fields of matter and of mind, —
Thy heart, to charity so warmly strung,
And all the sweet persuasion of thy tongue.
Yet, wast thou spotless in thine exit? — Nay; —
Nor spotless is the monarch of the day; —
Still, but *one* cloud shall o'er thy fame be cast,
And that shall shade no action, *but thy last.*

Then, with a milder, though congenial ray,
Like Hesper, shone the kindred soul of JAY.
His hand unshaken by an empire's weight,
His eye undazzled by the glare of state,
Even in the shadow of "Power's purple robe," †
He gave our land the charter of the globe,
And bade our eagle leave her native pine,
To bathe in light beneath the sultry line,
O'er every tide, with lightning's speed, to sweep,
Cleave every cloud that whitens o'er the deep,
Tower o'er the heads of conquerors and kings,
And soar to glory on her canvass wings.

Then, where Ohio rolls her silver flood,
If e'er a tomahawk was dyed in blood;

* "That strong divinity of soul
That conquers Chance and Fate."
Pleasures of Imagination.

† Akenside.

Or if the war-whoop broke an infant's rest,
Where Erie drinks the rivers of the West;
Or if an arrow, from an unseen bow,
Thrown by a savage, laid a white-man low;
Or if a captive heard the hideous yell,
Or felt the tortures of those fiends of hell;—
On his pale horse the king of terrors sped,
The fires were quenched, the howling savage bled;
The grisly monarch feasted on the slain,
And blest the courage, and the sword, of WAYNE.

Then,— ere, by Gallic perfidy beguiled,
"The *other* ADAMS" * was again a child,—
When a grim monster † rose with many a head,
More foul than e'er the lake of Lerna bred;—
Whose bloody hands no sacred tie could bind,
Whose lurid eye rolled ruin on mankind;—
And frowning dared a *tribute* to demand,
Of "*beaucoup d'argent*," from a PINCKNEY'S hand;—
Fire in his eye, and thunder on his tongue,
Fierce from his seat, the hoary veteran sprung,
And gave the hydra in her *den* to know,
He bought no friendship,— for he feared no foe.

* John Randolph's *cutting* distinction between the late President and the truly republican *Samuel* Adams.(*)

† The French Directory.

(*) Both the text and the notes of this poem occasionally show the warmth of political feeling, and the strength of party prejudice, that belonged to the time when it was written. Both text and notes are allowed to remain, as memorials of fires that raged once, but have long since gone out.

Then, nay since then, while yet a twilight grey
Gave to our eyes the parting beams of day, —
For, when our sun, our glory, sunk to rest,
He fringed with gold the curtains of the west,
And poured a lustre on the world behind,
That faded as the mighty orb declined, —
Our eagle, soaring with unwearied flight,
'Mid clouds to enjoy the last, faint gleam of light,
With piercing eye glanced o'er the watery waste,
And saw her flag by Mussulmans disgraced ;
Nay, — heard her children, on Numidia's plains,
Sigh for their homes, and clank the Moslem's chains;
The generous bird, at that incensing view,
Caught from the clouds her thunder as she flew,
With deathful shriek alarmed the guilty coast,
And launched the bolt on Caramelli's host;
Crescents and turbans sunk in wild dismay;
The Turkish soul, indignant, left its clay, —
Though to the brave, a rich reward is given,
The arms of Houris, and the bowers of heaven, —
And Eaton trod in triumph o'er his foe,
Where once fought Hannibal and Scipio.

Then, a bright spirit, free from every vice,
As was the rose that bloomed in Paradise ;
A zeal, as warm, to see his country blest,
As lived in Cato's or Lycurgus' breast;
A fancy chaste and vigorous as strung,
To holy themes, Isaiah's hallowed tongue ;
And strains as eloquent as Zion heard,
When, on his golden harp, her royal bard

Waked to a glow devotion's dying flames,
Flowed from the lips, and warmed the soul of Ames.
Like Memnon's harp, that breathed a mournful tone,
When on its strings the rays of morning shone,
That stainless spirit, on approaching night,
Was touched and saddened by prophetic light;
And, as the vision to his view was given,
That spirit sunk, and, sighing, fled to heaven.

Should we attempt on each bright name to dwell,
The evening song would to a volume swell;
As on a beach, where mighty surges roar,
Wave after wave rolls onward to the shore,
So, on the page that History gives to Fame,
And Fame to Glory, name succeeds to name.
See Franklin, Adams,* Rutledge, gliding by; —
There Henry, Hillhouse, Trumbull, meet the eye; —
Here Ellsworth, Marshall, Tracy, rush along,
King,† Griswold, Otis, Pickering, and Strong.

Like heavenly dew, that evening's hour distils
On Sharon's valleys or Gilboa's hills,
Men, such as these, a holy influence shed, —
Their deeds while living, and their names when dead;
Men, such as these, could guide Bellona's car,
Or smooth to smiles the iron brow of war;
Men, such as these, could brave a monarch's frown,
Could pluck the diamonds from a tyrant's crown,

* Samuel Adams. † Rufus, — not the "*other*" King.

And, when the oppression ceased, *such* men could show
A god-like greatness, — and forgive a foe ;
Such men could call religion from the skies,
To guide their feet before a nation's eyes ;
Where such men trod, the flowers of Science sprung,
With hymns to Peace the humble cottage rung,
Contentment spread the table of the poor,
And Ceres blushed and waved beside his door ; —
All, in such men, reposed unshaken trust ;
The ruled were happy, and their rulers just.

Say then, O Time ! since thy pervading eye
Waked from the slumber of eternity,
Hadst thou e'er seen a spot so highly blest,
In bliss and beauty so superbly drest ?

When erst, beyond the bright Ægean isles,*
From the green billows rose the Queen of smiles,
Pure as her parent foam, and heavenly fair ; —
When her dark tresses of ambrosial hair
Flowed round her waist, in many a wanton curl,
Played in the breeze, and swept her car of pearl,

* The reader will trace the outline of this scene, in the following passage from Akenside.

> " Or as Venus, when she stood
> Effulgent on her pearly car, and smiled,
> Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
> To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
> And each cærulean sister of the flood,
> With loud acclaim, attend her o'er the waves,
> To seek the Idalian bower."
>
> *Pleasures of Imagination.*

Whose amber wheels, in quick rotation, glide,
Drawn by her doves, along the sparkling tide;
While, all around her, choirs of Tritons swell
The mellow music of their twisted shell,
As on she moves, with an exulting smile,
To rear her temple on the Cyprian isle,
Or rest, voluptuous, amid springing flowers,
On rosy couches, under myrtle bowers; —
From Ida's top, the thunderer viewed the fair,
The clouds that veiled him, melting into air;
And all the beauties of the Queen of love,
In spite of Juno, fired the breast of Jove.

So shone Columbia, when in happier days,
O'er eastern mountains, with "unbounded blaze"
She saw the sun of Independence rise,
And roll, rejoicing, through unclouded skies. —
So shone Columbia, when her infant hand
With magic power, along her verdant strand,
Charmed into life the city's busy throng,
And rolled of wealth the swelling tide along,
While Freedom's pure and consecrated fires
Glowed in her halls, and glittered on her spires. —
So shone Columbia, when her naval pine
Bowed, at her touch, to float beneath the line;
And proudly bear, on every wave unfurled,
Her swelling canvass o'er the watery world. —
So shone Columbia, when the trembling wave
Heard Preble's thunder, and was Somers' grave; —
So shone, whene'er she trod her native plain, —
(For she emerged, like Venus, from the main,)

Till doomed from Neptune's empire to retire,
And dew with tears the ashes of her sire.

From realms, where, waving o'er celestial vales,
Green groves of amaranth bend to spicy gales;
From emerald rocks, where crystal water flows;
Where sainted spirits of the just repose;
Where patriots bleed not, in their country's wars,
Nor roam in beggary, nor show their scars
To their ungrateful country's tearless eye,
Nor on that country's frozen bosom die; —
But where, in peace, they breathe an air of balm,
And bind their temples with immortal palm;
Where choral symphonies no discord mars,
Nor drowns the music of the morning stars,
Who, crowned with light, around the Eternal's throne
Pour on the ravished ear the mingled tone
Of voice and golden lyre, that fill the sky
With the wild notes of heavenly minstrelsy; —
There, while the star-paved walks of Heaven he trod,
Cheered by the unclouded vision of his God,
Great WASHINGTON beheld the fair; and smiled,
And said to wondering seraphs, — "Lo! *my* child."

But *now*, how changed the scene! — Ye blissful days,
Withdraw the dazzling splendor of your blaze!
And, Memory, snatch thy record from my sight,
Whose leaves, emblazoned with the beams of light,
Pour on the eye, that glances o'er thy page,
The strong effulgence of a golden age.

Come, Lethe, come ! thy tide oblivious roll
O'er all that proud complacency of soul,
That generous ardor, that enlivening flame,
That warmed my bosom, when I heard the name
Of my *once* honored country ; — let thy wave,
Dark as Avernus, gloomy as the grave,
Drown every vestige of that country's fame,
And shade the light that bursts upon her shame !
Say, — shall we paint her as she meets the eye ?
No ; — drop the pallet, — throw the pencil by ; —
Why should you wish that shrivelled form to trace,
Or stain the canvass with Columbia's face !
No fame awaits the artist ; — though he give
Each feature life, his memory ne'er shall live ;
Ne'er shall he stand in Raphael's honors drest,
Nor snatch the laurels from the brows of West.
Time *was*, indeed, when he who 'd paint the fair,
Must mix the blending colors, soft as air ;
To hit the piercing lustre of her eye,
Must catch the light and azure of the sky ;
To fill the piece with corresponding glow,
Must dip his pencil in the eastern bow ;
Then, o'er her locks and dimpled cheeks, must shed
The paly orange and the rose's red ; —
Must shade the mellow back-ground of the scene
With mingled tints of violet and green ;
Upon her lips must smiles and graces play ;
The coral, melting in the dews of May,
Must just disclose the ivory beneath,
And if she breathed not, she must *seem* to breathe.

But let not *now* the merest novice dread,
(This same Columbia sitting for her head,)
With painting frenzy fired, to grasp the brush ; —
He 'll hit her to the life, and need not blush
To have his work inspected ; — if he 'll mix
The kindred streams of *Acheron* and *Styx*,*
Shut close his windows, that no ray of light
May give a single feature to his sight, —
Then, on the ready canvass turn his back,
And daub it o'er with *bitter* and with *black*.

* * * * *

Look at Columbia ! — see her sickly form,
Exposed, unsheltered, to the howling storm ;
No friendly taper glimmering on her sight,
Her thin robes draggled in the dews of night,
Her bosom shrinking from the piercing blasts,
On Earth's cold lap her fainting limbs she casts ; —
And as she sinks, despairing and forlorn,
The clouds her curtains, and her couch the thorn,
Her Evil Genius, envying e'en *such* rest,
Broods like an incubus upon her breast ; —
Forbids the fluid through her veins to dart,
And locks up every function of her heart.†

* Two rivers, said by mythologists to flow through the infernal regions, the one remarkable for the bitter taste, and the other for the " inky hue " of its waters.

† " The virtue of the people, &c. routed and put to flight that corruption, which sat like an incubus on the heart of the metropolis, chaining the current of its blood, and locking up every healthful function and energy of life."

Curran's Speech on the Election of Lord Mayor.

And yet, the authors of their country's shame,
(In rank, too high ; in worth, too low to name,)
Viewing her dying agonies the while,
With fiend-like triumph "grin a ghastly smile."

Look at our Commerce ! — driven from the deep,
Our sails no more its curling surface sweep ;
No more the silks of India swell our stores ;
No more Arabia's gums perfume our shores ;
But Desolation hovers o'er our ships
With raven pinions ; — and with skinny lips,
And cheeks all shrivelled, Famine stalks our streets,
And clings, with withered hand, to all she meets.

Look at our army ! — See its bristling van,
Led on to conquest by that wondrous man,
Who dares the aid of powder to despise,
And "looks down opposition" with his eyes ! *
See ! how the forests shudder as he comes !
How their recesses echo to his drums !
See him, with Victory perching on his crest,
Leap boldly o'er the barriers of the West,
And bid his eagles, stooping to the plain,
Fix their strong talons in the Lion's mane ! —
Then see him, wheeling with resistless sweep,
Exchange his army — for a flock of sheep ! †

* "I have a force which will look down all opposition." — *Hull's emancipating Proclamation to the Oppressed Canadians, July 12th*, 1812.

† Some of the early bulletins of the northwestern army give an account of having taken prisoners eight hundred and thirty Merino sheep.

Look at our navy! — does it proudly ride,
And roll its thunders o'er the subject tide,
As *once* it rode and thundered? Rogers, say,
When, from our coasts, thy squadron bore away,
Stretched o'er the Atlantic, and its flags unfurled,
To catch the breezes of the Eastern world,
Sought for a foe on Afric's sultry shores,
And ploughed the circling waves, that washed the Azores;
For thee, what garlands floated on the main?
What *did* thy squadron? — It came back again! *

How gratefully, amid the horrid gloom,
That rests incumbent on our Honor's tomb,
Should we all hail one solitary ray,
Were it indeed the harbinger of day; —
When even now, amid the tenfold night
Of dark despair, we hail, with fond delight,
Nay, with triumphant pride, the beam that 's poured,
Conqueror of Dacres, from thy flaming sword!
Then, would the patriot's heart, that sinks oppressed
By humbling shame, throb proudly in his breast;
Then, would he say, "The reign of night is o'er!
The day is dawning that shall close no more!
My hopes were sunk; but brighter prospects rise,
And other suns shall yet adorn our skies.
Thus would the ear, when fever fires the brain,
Restless, all night, with sympathetic pain,

* Look at the Commodore's own account of this "*scurvy*" expedition, in his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, September 1st, 1812.

By jarring discord's harshest gratings torn,
Wake to the airy melodies of morn." *
But now, what is it? 'T is the lightning's glare,
That flames at midnight through the murky air,
And shows what clouds the face of heaven deform,
And all the fearful horrors of the storm.
Thus, when Apollo to his son resigned
His car and coursers, to illume mankind,
His car and coursers, stooping from the skies,
Cleft earth with heat, and opened to the eyes
Of the pale tenants of the realms below,
The boundless chaos, and the scenes of woe,
That reigned around; — e'en Pluto and his bride,
Who swayed the infernal sceptre, side by side,
Trembled beneath the intolerable light; —
And the ghosts shrunk and shuddered at the sight. †
Still, gallant Hull, the meed of praise is thine,
Still Victory's wreaths around thy brow shall twine,
Still, child of Washington, thy name shall live,
While valor immortality can give!

Hark! — as it shuts, with triple-bolted bars,
The ponderous door on grating hinges jars;
The massy key springs the reluctant locks;
Echoes the clang from adamantine rocks; —
There, in a dungeon's gloom, 'mid vapors dank,
Where rattle manacles, and fetters clank,

* "But who the *melodies of morn* can tell?" — *Beattie.*

† For the particulars of the ruin in which Phaëton involved not only himself, but the world, by his rash experiment at illuminating mankind, see *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Lib. ii.

To perfidy and treachery self-resigned,
Children of Liberty, were ye confined!
Children of Honor, thither basely led!
Children of Washington, — 't was there ye bled!
And why? — What nameless deed that hates the sun,
And courts congenial darkness, had ye done?
Some ruined virgin had ye left to sigh,
And die in guilt, or live in infamy?
Covered her father's reverend cheeks with shame?
Or shot her brother to redeem *your* fame? —
No; but in times like these, when Virtue weeps,
When high-born Honor in retirement sleeps,
When Vice triumphant fills the chair of state,
When most great men are infamously great,
When sots and demagogues to election come, —
Those to give votes and these to pay in rum, —
When place is venal, nay, by auction bought,
Ye dared to *think*, and *publish* as ye thought!

Hark! — 't is the Demon! — at the door he treads!
Alecto's mantle shrouds his hundred heads;
Back fly the bolts; his bloody eye-balls glare;
Long, dangling snakes hiss in his horrent hair;
Blue flames of sulphur issue from his jaws;
Each giant hand a naked dagger draws;
The steely clashing echoes from the walls,
And at his feet the hoary LINGAN falls! *

* The reader of the present day may need to be informed that this passage relates to the Baltimore Mob of 1812; — that had taken place just before this poem was written; that had for its

The monster speaks ; —" There, traitor, take thy rest!
Ha! — are those scars, that seam thy aged breast ?—
And didst thou think 'those poor dumb wounds would
plead,
Like angels, trumpet-tongued,' * against my deed ?
Simple old fool! — I glory in my work ; —
Here, — see thy blood that trickles from my dirk!
Die not, till thou hast seen what joy I feel,
To kiss that trophy of my faithful steel ; —
That trophy must command a generous price,
Where I shall show it ; — great men are not nice,
Who have employed me in these high affairs ;
I 'll have my pay, — as doubtless *they have theirs*

object the suppression of Hanson's " Federal Republican " ; and that resulted on the destruction of the printing-office, — the storming of the city prison within whose cells the defenders of the press had allowed themselves to be locked up, as the only protection the laws could afford them from popular violence,— and in the murder of the venerable General Lingan, within those cells !

This, I believe, was the first of a series, — disgraceful to our land, — of mobs for the suppression of the liberty of the press and of discussion, and for the destruction of the lives of its defenders. That in Philadelphia, May 17th, 1838, in which Pennsylvania Hall was burnt, is, I believe, the last. May it ever be ! These lines, now more than a quarter of a century old, show that my indignation towards mobs is no new flame. 1840.

* " Show you sweet Cæsar's *wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!*
And bid them speak for me."
Julius Cæsar.

" His virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."
Macbeth.

From those, who still a prouder state enjoy, —
Who bribed Speranski,* — and who bought Godoy! †
Ah! not *yet* dead! — give me thy hoary locks,
And let thy brains besmear these gory rocks; —
Thus do I dash thee, — Tory as thou art, —
Thus drink thy blood, — thus craunch thy quivering heart!"

Soul of the brave, look backward in thy flight;
Our eyes pursue thee till thou 'rt lost in light;
There rest in peace, thy earthly pains forgot; —
Soul of the brave, how happy is thy lot!

Johnson, Montgomery, Stricker! — when grim Death
Shall stop the volumes of mephitic breath,
That spread contagion round you; when your ear
The curse of freemen can no longer hear;
Your memory like your carcasses shall rot,
On earth detested, — in the grave forgot.

* Speranski, raised by the Emperor Alexander from humble life to the highest civil office in the Russian empire, — lately banished to Siberia, for communicating to Buonaparte the whole plan of the Emperor's operations in the present war.

† Godoy, the infamous Prince of Peace, who, while he enjoyed all the wealth and honor his King could lavish upon him, as well as all the more flattering favors of his Queen, held a treasonable correspondence with the Tyrant of France, the object of which was the destruction of the Spanish monarchy. Thus we see, that from Madrid to St. Petersburgh, neither wealth, nor power, nor love can resist the omnipotence of *French intrigue*. Are its operations confined to the Eastern continent?

While Lingan, Hanson, Thompson, Biglow fire
The poet's raptures, and the minstrel's lyre,
Rise, their deluded countrymen to bless,
And, from the ruins of the falling PRESS,
Diffuse such lustre, as dispels the gloom
From Sidney's scaffold and from Hampden's tomb.

When on the ruins of Palmyra's walls,
Through fleecy clouds, the sober moonlight falls,
Trembling among the ivy leaves, that shade
The crumbling arch and broken colonnade,
As some lone bard, that gives his silver hair
To float, dishevelled, on the sighing air,
While glories, long departed, rush along,
Pours on the ear of night, in mournful song,
The fond remembrance of that splendid day,
When round Longinus' temples twined the bay,
When on those towers the beams of science shone,
And princes kneeled around Zenobia's throne ; —
Some future minstrel thus his lyre shall sweep,
Where glides Potomac to the azure deep.

" Where now these ruins moulder on the ground,
Where Desolation walks her silent round,
The slippery serpent drags his sinuous trail,
To marble columns clings the slimy snail,
The solemn raven croaks, the cricket sings,
And bats and owlets flap their sooty wings ; —
Once, a proud temple rose, with front sublime,
By Wisdom reared, to brave the shocks of Time,

And consecrated to the smiling *Three*,
Religion, Peace, and Civil Liberty.
Its earliest priests, in stainless robes arrayed,
By no threats daunted, by no arts betrayed,
Ne'er let the censer nor the olive drop,
Though clouds and tempests brooded o'er its top.
Time brought their pious labors to a close ;
Others succeeded, and new scenes arose ; —
The hovering tempests fell upon its walls,
The brooding clouds were welcomed to its halls,
The shuddering altars felt the fires of hell,
The olive withered, and the censer fell,
The columns broke, the trembling arches frowned,
The Temple sunk, and ruin stalks around."

II.

NEWS-CARRIER'S ADDRESS,

To the Patrons of the Boston Daily Advertiser and Repertory, January 1st, 1815.

Years roll along; and, as they glide away
In silent lapse, on every New-Year's day
'T is claimed by custom that we carriers sing;
And thus the tribute of the Muse we bring.
Not that the strain with classic smoothness flows,
Nor that the same might not be said in prose;
But while there 's nought the fancy to amuse,
Or waken wonder in the form of news,
You 'll pause with pleasure, in this gloomy season,
If song be sense, and if our rhyme be reason, —
While all around us clouds and tempests lower,
The frosts of winter, and the frown of power, —
To listen where a rippling rill of rhyme
Steals through the wild and dreary waste of Time.

No pomp of battle shall our numbers swell;
No deathless wreaths for those who fought and fell
Shall we entwine; nor pour a mournful dirge
O'er those, who, sinking in the swallowing surge,
Saw, e'er they sunk into their billowy grave,
The sword of Blakeley, gleaming o'er the wave,

Pluck the green laurel from the azure plain,
And from the mighty mistress of the main; —
Nor yet o'er those who fell with equal fame,
On sweeter waters, though of humbler name;
Who by Macdonough to the combat led,
By valor conquered, and with glory bled.

Here check the Muse, e'er yet in full career,
And pay the passing tribute of a tear
To the brave tars who triumphed on the wave,
But e'en in victory found a watery grave; —
Who sunk in silence, and now sweetly sleep
Within the coral caverns of the deep.
Still shall their spirits hover o'er the flood,
Now stained and rendered sacred by their blood,
From where St. Lawrence spreads his bosom wide
And meets the main with his gigantic tide,
To where Champlain his emerald basin fills
With crystal waters from surrounding hills.
Still shall their ghosts on the dark tempest ride,
Still o'er the fury of the fight preside;
Still of their country claim a generous tear,
Pledged by their comrades each returning year;
And, as their memory consecrates the bowl,
Swell the rich tide in each congenial soul,
As kindred streams to kindred oceans roll.

Peace to their shades! — nor let the Muse presume
O'er Europe's fields to wave the historic plume;
For me to sing, or you to hear the song,
Of e'en her mighty deeds were far too long.

One moment still, as o'er her fields I run,
I pause to hail the splendor of the sun,
That rises cloudless from her vales of blood,
Gilds the blue mountain, glances on the flood,
Darts his glad beams to even the Atlantic shore,
And lights the waves that whiten as they roar.

But stop; — while gazing upon eastern glory,
The time runs on, and I delay my story.

Surrounded by his parasites and tools, —
Those arrant knaves, and these as arrant fools;
Those raised to seats of power for what they 'd said,
And these kept in them by congenial lead,
But all pure patriots, — sat in full divan
A mighty statesman, but a little man.
Though short his person, 't was genteelly slim,
His step was stately, and his dress was prim;
Proud of his station, of himself still prouder,
His shirt no plaiting lacked, his hair no powder. —
'T was silence all, when thus the sage expressed
The calm complacency that filled his breast:

" Oh happy state, where foes each other claw,
Where power is liberty, and license law;
All then are fools, if not of all possessed,
Which, wanted, leaves a void within the breast,
And thus are we, my friends, supremely blest.
But, if we all are blest in stations high,
Then how superlatively so am I!

Ask for what end yourselves around me shine?
Each for whose use? — I answer, whose but mine!
Me the kind nation clothes with boundless power,
And feeds with sweetest herbs and finest flour;
Annual for me does either house renew
The tax on whisky, — never paid when due;
To me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me wealth gushes from a thousand springs;
Blacks count, to choose me, mobs to help me rise;
Be earth my throne, and never mind the skies.

"How doubly blest in this propitious hour,
Are those who gave, or we who stole, the power,
To banish commerce from each busy mart,
To check the warm tide bounding through the heart,
Lest, should the current too profusely spread,
Dance through the limbs, and riot in the head,
It might gush out through some unguarded chink,
And the poor patient through exhaustion sink.
True, we deny the multitude their wishes; —
But what of that? — we take their loaves and fishes;
For, faithful to the wise Egyptian law,
We claim their bricks, though we refuse them straw;
While they are 'prompt,' the dear, enlightened elves,
To feed their rulers, though they starve themselves.
O happy rulers, who can taxes lay!
O happy people, who must taxes pay! —
But ha! — what awful vision meets my sight,
That moves majestic, though involved in night!

Pale sheets of lightning quiver on the cloud,
That robes some demon in a sulphurous shroud,
And hark! the swelling thunder rolls aloud.
'T is he, 't is WAR! — I snuff his blasting breath!
Save *me*, my friends, then save *yourselves*, from death!"

Pale as the plaster, sunk the great beholder,
Cold as the marble of the floor, or colder.

Meantime, 'mid lurid smoke and withering flame,
In gloomy pomp, the Fiend of darkness came.
Two dragons fierce, by spells infernal bound,
Roll on his iron car, that shakes the ground!
Their breath around a hellish horror flings,
That darkens as they flap their leathern wings;
While viscid drops exude between the scales,
That rustle as they writhe their coiling tails; —
Heaven frowns above them, earth, with hollow groan,
Shudders beneath the steeds of Phlegethon.
The Fiend, who goaded on the panting pair,
Had wreathed his temples, and his clotted hair,
With shrivelled hemlock and with cypress round; —
So should the gory God of War be crowned.
His stiffening locks on his broad shoulders curled; —
O'er him his bloody banner was unfurled; —
He breathes, and dun smoke rolls in volumes dire; —
Beneath his black brow, flash his eyes of fire; —
In either hand he waves a weapon fell,
In this a glowing shot, in that a shell,
Both snatched still hissing from the forge of hell.

And round the Demon, as in wrath he comes,
Bright bayonets bristle, burst the bellowing bombs,
Red rockets dart, and rattling roll the drums.

The affrighted chief, who on the floor had sunk,
With " brief authority," not brandy, drunk,
Burst the cold bands of syncopè asunder,
And, starting as he heard the approaching thunder,
Sprung from the floor and cried with all his force,
"A horse ! a horse ! — my kingdom for a horse ! "
His steed, obedient to his sovereign's call,
In splendid trappings bounded from his stall,
Neighed as he stopped before the palace gate,
And kneeled expectant of the illustrious freight.
Quick to his seat the enlightened statesman sprung ; —
The conscious saddle creaked, the stirrups rung,
Loud cracked the lash, loose hung the useless rein,
And floated freely on his courser's mane.
Swift though that courser bore his lord from home,
Whitening his dusty flanks with flakes of foam,
Yet for those flanks the rider felt no bowels,
But galled them sorely with his bloody rowels,
Nor once looked backward till far on the way
That leads from Washington to Montpelier.

Immortal Gilpin ! did thy charger caper,
Charged though he were with the bold linen-draper;
With hoofs of iron spurn the paving-stones,
Nor heed thy bottles, nor regard thy bones, —
Though those were dashed to atoms at thy back,
And these endured the tortures of the rack ? —

Did his high mettle, heedless of the rein,
Prompt him, without a scourge, to scour the plain
With such resistless fury as to baffle
The united force of martingal and snaffle?
Such fury as to leave thy hat behind,
And give thy wig, all powdered, to the wind?
Such that nor bits could curb, nor turnpikes check?
(Much to the peril, Gilpin, of thy neck;)
Did postboys see thee pass like lightning by,
Mount their fleet steeds, and raise their hue and cry;
And in this crisis did thy generous steed,
As they increased their noise, increase his speed?
And didst thou, finding all thy efforts vain
To curb him with thy bridle, drop the rein,
And, to thyself lest there might happen some ill,
With this hand grasp the mane, with that the pommel,
And, leaning forward, to their Fates resign
Thy wife, thy wig, thy bottles, and thy wine;
Till far behind the chase was heard no more,
And thy good steed had halted at thy door,
And dropped thee, bruised and weary, from the crupper,
But just in season to sit down to supper?
O Captain Gilpin, hush! — no longer seek
To palm thy tale upon us as *unique;*
For, as his homeward course our hero steers,
Leaving his palace to "his valiant peers,"
These seem resolved, if there is aught in speed,
Ne'er to desert him "in his utmost need,"
And least of all to stay, and at the altar bleed.
Thus ever duteous, each his groom bestirs,
Pulls on his boots, and buckles on his spurs,

Ne'er asks the question, which demands him most,
In danger's hour, his pony or his post,
But mounts at once, and *à la mode de Boney*,
Deserts his post, and pricks his prancing pony.
Yet, gentle reader, do not think that *fear*
Impelled their heels, to urge their swift career;
They knew not fear, for, even when the air
Smelt strong of powder, they could nobly dare,
Could laugh at balls as they innoxious fell,
And, — when it once had burst, — despise a shell;
Nay one, 't is said, whose birth the auspicious stars
Had kindly cast beneath the sign of Mars,
E'en cracked his whip at an expiring rocket,
(He had, it seems, his pistols in his pocket,)
Nor was he by his bravery incommoded,
For, strange to tell, the rocket ne'er exploded!

In the short moment that they 're thus delayed,
What deathless deeds of daring are displayed!
That little moment! — But new lightnings flash,
And nearer roars the thunder; hark! the lash,
That cracked defiance at all Congreve's powder,
Now o'er the flying courser cracks still louder.
Away they start, and, as each rider feels
War's sulphurous breath already scorch his heels,
(Those heels where plated silver shines so bright,)
His heels with greater vigor urge the flight.
Swift is the steed, they know, that bears their master,
But, though he leads them fast, they follow faster; —
All strive to pass their fellows as they fly,
And, "Devil take the hindmost," is the cry,

Till far remote from danger they descried
Our Hero seated by his horse's side,
Who, sad as Sancho when he saw the vile end
Of all his hopes, his palace, and his island,
Seemed to apostrophize the distant flame,
And thus he closed, as on their coursers came:
"It is no more! Yet nought beneath the stars
Can stand the shock of Vulcan and of Mars;
Neither the city's pomp, nor rustic bowers,
'Nor gorgeous palaces, nor cloud-capt towers,'
Nor e'en the pillars of this mighty globe; —
Nor — all the brick and mortar of Latrobe."

Patrons, my tale is told, and shall I hush?
I will, indeed, — to hide the crimson blush
That kindles on my cheek with parching flame,
When doomed to dwell upon these scenes of shame.
Fain would I dash the records from my page,
And veil the present from the future age. —
But no; — what Truth compels the Muse to trace,
No tears can wash away, no art erase.
Fain would I check the tide; — but flow it must.
Who can repress the invincible disgust,
That finds a place in every patriot's breast,
Who *knows* he is not governed but oppressed; —
Who sees his sacred rights the jest of knaves,
His bleeding sons, the tools of abject slaves!
Who sees, beneath the feet of tyrants trod,
The laws of man, the oracles of God, —
And, where the historic Muse, with diamond pen,
Once wrote the immortal names of godlike men,

Now, catching through the gloom a sickening glimpse,
Sees Infamy, begirt with grinning imps,
Trace on her sooty page with pitchy swab
The damning deeds of Madison and Mob !

My New-Year's wish, though warm, is briefly told ; —
May the New-Year be happier than the Old ;
May scenes of peace succeed to those of blood ;
May Commerce spread her white wings o'er the flood ;
May good men live, but every tyrant knave,
Who rules to curse his country, find a grave,*
Whether by angry Heaven in vengeance made,
Or dug by Brutus with his patriot blade.

* A better wish, in behalf of such a man, would have been, that he might live to see the error of his ways, and a better man in his place. The " patriot blade " of Brutus put one Cæsar out of the way, only to make room for another ; and, when there was not virtue enough left in Rome to uphold a Republic, the people gained little by exchanging the ambition of Julius Cæsar for the stern despotism of Augustus.

III.

A WORD FROM A PETITIONER.

What! our petitions spurned! The prayer
Of thousands, — tens of thousands, — cast
Unheard, beneath your Speaker's chair!
But ye *will* hear us, first or last.
The thousands that, last year, ye scorned,
Are millions now. Be warned! Be warned!

Turn not, contemptuous, on your heel; —
It is not for an act of grace
That, suppliants, at your feet we kneel, —
We stand; — we look you in the face,
And say, — and we have weighed the word, —
That our petitions SHALL be heard.

There are two powers above the laws
Ye make or mar: — they 're our allies.
Beneath their shield we 'll urge our cause,
Though *all* your hands against us rise.
We 've proved them, and we know their might;
The CONSTITUTION and the RIGHT.

We say not, ye shall snap the links
That bind you to your dreadful slaves;

Hug, if ye will, a corpse that stinks,
And toil on with it to your graves!
But, that ye *may* go, coupled thus,
Ye never shall make slaves of *us*.

And what, but more than slaves, are they
Who 're told they ne'er shall be denied
The right of prayer; yet, when they pray,
Their prayers, *unheard*, are thrown aside?
Such mockery they will tamely bear,
Who 're fit an iron chain to wear.

"The ox, that treadeth out the corn,
Thou shalt not muzzle." — Thus saith God.
And will ye muzzle the free-born, —
The *man*, — the owner of the sod, —
Who "gives the grazing ox his meat,"
And you, — his servants here, — your seat?

There 's a cloud, blackening up the sky!
East, west, and north its curtain spreads;
Lift to its muttering folds your eye!
Beware! for, bursting on your heads,
It hath a force to bear you down; —
'T is an insulted people's frown.

Ye may have heard of the Soultan',
And how his Janissaries fell!
Their barracks, near the Atmeidan',
He barred, and fired; — and their death-yell

Went to the stars, — and their blood ran
In brooks across the Atmeidan'.

The despot spake ; and, in one night,
The deed was done. He wields, alone,
The sceptre of the Ottomite,
And brooks no brother near his throne.
Even now, the bow-string, at his beck,
Goes round his mightiest subject's neck ;

Yet will *he*, in his saddle, stoop, —
I 've seen him, in his palace-yard, —
To take petitions from a troop
Of *women*, who, behind his guard,
Come up, their several suits to press,
To state their wrongs, and ask redress.

And these, into his house of prayer,
I 've seen him take ; and, as he spreads
His own before his Maker there,
These women's prayers he hears or reads ; —
For, while he wears the diadem,
He is instead of God to them.

And this he *must* do. He may grant,
Or may deny ; but *hear* he must.
Were his Seven Towers all adamant,
They 'd soon be levelled with the dust,
And " public feeling " make short work, —
Should he not hear them, — with the Turk.

Nay, start not from your chairs, in dread
Of cannon-shot, or bursting shell!
These shall not fall upon your head,
As once * upon your house they fell.
We have a weapon, firmer set
And better than the bayonet; —

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you; — 't is the ballot-box.

Black as your deed shall be the balls
That from that box shall pour like hail!
And, when the storm upon you falls,
How will your craven cheeks turn pale!
For, at its coming though ye laugh,
'T will sweep you from your hall, like chaff.

Not women, now, — the *people* pray.
Hear us, — or *from* us ye will hear!
Beware! — a desperate game ye play!
The men that thicken in your rear, —
Kings though ye be, — may not be scorned.
Look to your move! your stake! — YE 'RE WARNED.

1837.

* When the British entered Washington, in the war of 1812–15. — See page 284.

IV.

THE TOCSIN.

"If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, *the pulpit is false to its trust.*" — D. WEBSTER.

WAKE! children of the *men* who said,
"All are born free!" — Their spirits come
Back to the places where they bled
In Freedom's holy martyrdom,
And find *you* sleeping on their graves,
And hugging there your chains, — ye slaves!

Ay, — slaves of slaves! What, sleep ye yet,
And dream of Freedom, while ye sleep?
Ay, — dream, while Slavery's foot is set
So firmly on your necks, — while deep
The chain her quivering flesh endures
Gnaws, like a cancer, into yours?

Hah! say ye that I 've falsely spoken,
Calling you slaves? — Then prove ye 're *not;*
Work a free press! — ye 'll see it broken; *
Stand to defend it! — ye 'll be shot. † —
O yes! but people should not dare
Print what "the brotherhood" won't bear!

* Bear witness, heights of Alton!

† Bear witness, bones of Lovejoy!

Then from your *lips* let words of grace,
Gleaned from the Holy Bible's pages,
Fall, while ye 're pleading for a race
Whose blood has flowed through chains for ages ; —
And pray, — " Lord, let thy kingdom come ! "
And *see* if ye 're not stricken dumb.

Yes, men of God ! *ye* may not speak,
As, by the Word of God, ye 're bidden ;
By the pressed lip, — the blanching cheek,
Ye feel yourselves rebuked and chidden ; *
And, if ye 're not cast out, ye fear it ; —
And why ? — " The brethren " will not hear it.

Since, then, through pulpit, or through press,
To prove your freedom ye 're not able,
Go, — like the Sun of Righteousness,
By wise men honored, — to a stable !

* Bear witness, " Grounds of Complaint preferred against the Rev. John Pierpont, by a Committee of the Parish, called ' The Proprietors of Hollis-Street Meetinghouse,' to be submitted to a mutual Ecclesiastical Council, as Reasons for dissolving his Connexion with said Parish," July 27th, 1840 : one of which runs thus ; — Because " of his too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits ; — of his too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of imprisonment for debt ; — of his too busy interference with the popular controversy on the subject of the abolition of slavery." And this, in the eighteen hundred and fortieth year of Him whom the Lord God sent " to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound " !

Bend *there* to Liberty your knee !
Say *there* that God made all men free !

Even there, — ere Freedom's vows ye 've plighted,
Ere of her form ye 've caught a glimpse,
Even there, are fires infernal lighted,
And ye 're driven out by Slavery's imps. *
Ah, well ! — " so persecuted they
The prophets " of a former day !

Go, then, and build yourselves a hall,
To prove ye are not slaves, but men !
Write " Freedom," on its towering wall !
Baptize it in the name of Penn ;
And give it to her holy cause,
Beneath the Ægis of her laws ; —

Within let Freedom's anthem swell ; —
And, while your hearts begin to throb,
And burn within you —— Hark ! the yell, —
The torch, — the torrent of the Mob ! —

* Bear witness, that large " upper room," the hay-loft over the stable of the Marlborough Hotel, standing upon the ground now covered by the Marlborough Chapel ; the only temple in Boston, into which the friends of human liberty, that is, of the liberty of man as *man*, irrespective of color or caste, could gain admittance for the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, January 25th, 1837. Bear witness, too, that smaller room in Summer Street, where a meeting was held the same day, by members of the same Society ; where their only altar was an iron stove, — their only incense, the fumes of a quantity of cayenne pepper, that some one of the " imps " had sprinkled upon the hot stove-plates, to drive the friends of the freedom of all men out of that little asylum.

They 're Slavery's troops that round you sweep,
And leave your hall a smouldering heap ! *

At Slavery's beck, the prayers ye urge
On your own servants, through the door
Of your own Senate, — that the scourge
May gash your brother's back no more, —
Are trampled underneath their feet,
While *ye* stand praying in the street !

At Slavery's beck, ye send your sons †
To hunt down Indian wives or maids,
Doomed to the lash ! — Yes, and their bones,
Whitening 'mid swamps and everglades,
Where no friend goes to give them graves,
Prove that ye are not Slavery's slaves !

At Slavery's beck, the very hands
Ye lift to Heaven, to swear ye 're free,
Will break a truce, to seize the lands
Of Seminole or Cherokee !
Yes, — tear a *flag*, that Tartar hordes
Respect, and shield it with their swords ! ‡

* Bear witness, ye ruins of " Pennsylvania Hall " ! — a heap of ruins made by a Philadelphia mob, May 17th, 1838, — and still allowed to remain a heap of ruins, as I was lately told in Philadelphia, from the fear, on the part of the city government, that, should the noble structure be reared again, and dedicated again to Liberty, the fiery tragedy of the 17th of May would be *encored*.

† Bear witness, Florida war, from first to last, though " the end is not yet."

‡ Bear witness, ghost of the great-hearted, broken-hearted Osceola !

Vengeance is thine, Almighty God !
To pay it hath thy justice bound thee ;
Even now, I see thee take thy rod, —
Thy thunders, leashed and growling round thee ; —
Slip them not yet, in mercy ! — Deign
Thy wrath yet longer to restrain ! —

Or, — let *thy* kingdom, Slavery, come !
Let Church, let State, receive thy chain !
Let pulpit, press, and hall be dumb,
If so " the brotherhood " ordain !
The Muse her own indignant spirit
Will yet speak out ; — and men shall hear it.

Yes ; — while, at Concord, there 's a stone
That she can strike her fire from still ;
While there 's a shaft at Lexington,
Or half a one on Bunker's Hill,*
There shall she stand and strike her lyre,
And Truth and Freedom shall stand by her.

But, should she *thence* by mobs be driven,
For purer heights she 'll plume her wing ; —
Spurning a land of slaves, to heaven
She 'll soar, where she can safely sing.
God of our fathers, speed her thither !
God of the free, let me go with her !

1838.

* The Ladies are now exerting themselves to make the shaft on Bunker's Hill a whole one. Success to them !

V.

THE GAG.

Ho! children of the granite hills
That bristle with the hackmatack,
And sparkle with the crystal rills
That hurry toward the Merrimack,
Dam up those rills! — for, while they run,
They all rebuke your Atherton. *

Dam up those rills! — they flow so free
O'er icy slope, o'er beetling crag,
That soon they 'll all be off at sea,
Beyond the reach of Charlie's gag; —
And when those waters are the sea's,
They 'll speak and thunder as they please!

Then freeze them stiff! — but let there come
No *winds* to chain them; — should *they* blow,
They 'll speak of freedom; — let the dumb
And breathless frost forbid their flow.

* I have no feelings of personal hostility towards the Hon. Charles G. Atherton. But if, by stifling the prayers of more than one million of his fellow men, in order that he may perpetuate the slavery of more than two millions, the best friend I have on earth shall seek to make his name immortal, I will do my best to — help him.

Then, all will be so hushed and mum
You 'll think your Atherton has come.

Not he ! — " Of all the airts * that blow,"
He dearly loves the soft South-west,
That tells where rice and cotton grow,
And man is, like the Patriarchs, blest
(So say some eloquent divines)
With God-given slaves † and concubines.

Let not the winds go thus at large,
That now o'er all your hills career, —
Your Sunapee and Kearsarge, —
Nay, nay, methinks the bounding deer
That, like the winds, sweep round their hill,
Should all be gagged, to keep them still.

And all your big and little brooks,
That rush down laughing towards the sea,
Your Lampreys, Squams, and Contoocooks,
That show a spirit to be free,
Should learn they 're not to take such airs ; —
Your mouths are stopped ; — then why not theirs ?

Plug every spring that dares to play
At bubble, in its gravel cup,
Or babble, as it runs away ! —
Nay, — catch and coop your eagles up !

* " Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." — *Burns.*

† " Here we see God, dealing in slaves," &c. — *Sermon of the Rev. T. Clapp. New Orleans.*

It is not meet that they should fly,
And scream of freedom, through your sky.

Ye 've not done yet! Your very trees, —
Those sturdy pines, their heads that wag
In concert with the mountain breeze, —
Unless they 're silenced by a gag,
Will whisper, — "WE will stand our ground!
OUR heads are *up!* OUR HEARTS ARE SOUND!"

Yea, Atherton, the *upright* firs
O'er thee exult, and taunt thee thus, —
"Though THOU art fallen, no feller stirs
His foot, or lifts his axe at us. *
'Hell from beneath, is moved at thee,'
Since thou hast crouched to Slavery.

"Thou saidst, 'I will exalt my throne
Above the stars; and, in the north
Will sit upon the mount alone,
And send my Slavery "Orders" forth'!
Our WHITE HILLS spurn thee from their sight;
Their blasts shall speed thee in thy flight.

* "Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell, from beneath, is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming. — For thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt myself above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north." — *Isaiah*, xiv. 8, 9, 13.

" Go! breathe amid the aguish damps
That gather o'er the Congaree; —
Go! hide thee in the cypress swamps
That darken o'er the black Santee, —
And be the moss, above thy head,
The gloomy drapery of thy bed!

" The moss, that creeps from bough to bough,
And hangs in many a dull festoon; —
There, peeping through thy curtain, thou
Mayest catch some 'glimpses of the moon';
Or, better, twist of it a string,
Noose in thy neck, repent, and — swing!" *

Sons of the granite hills, your birds,
Your winds, your waters, and your trees,
Of faith and freedom speak, in words
That should be felt in times like these;
Their voice comes to you from the sky!
In them, God speaks of Liberty.

Sons of the granite hills, awake!
Ye 're on a mighty stream afloat,
With all your liberties at stake; —
A faithless pilot 's on your boat!
And, while ye 've lain asleep, ye 're snagged!
Nor can ye cry for help, — YE 'RE GAGGED!

1839.

* These fir trees that grow upon the granite hills, though they seem to have some *heart*, can certainly have no bowels, or only granite ones, else they could never give such suicidal counsel.

VI.

THE CHAIN.

Is it his daily toil that wrings
From the slave's bosom that deep sigh ?
Is it his niggard fare that brings
The tear into his down-cast eye ?

O no ; by toil and humble fare
Earth's sons their health and vigor gain ;
It is because the slave must wear
His chain.

Is it the sweat from every pore
That starts, and glistens in the sun,
As, the young cotton bending o'er,
His naked back it shines upon ?

Is it the drops that, from his breast
Into the thirsty furrow fall,
That scald his soul, deny him rest,
And turn his cup of life to gall ?

No ; — for, that man with sweating brow
Shall eat his bread, doth God ordain ;
This the slave's spirit doth not bow ;
It is his chain.

Is it, that scorching sands and skies
 Upon his velvet skin have set
A hue, admired in beauty's eyes,
 In Genoa's silks, and polished jet?

No; for this color was his pride,
 When roaming o'er his native plain;
Even here, his hue can he abide,
 But not his chain.

Nor is it, that his back and limbs
 Are scored with many a gory gash,
That his heart bleeds, and his brain swims,
 And the MAN dies beneath the lash.

For Baäl's priests, on Carmel's slope,
 Themselves with knives and lancets scored,
Till the blood spirted, — in the hope
 The god would hear, whom they adored; —

And Christian flagellants their backs
 All naked to the scourge have given;
And martyrs to their stakes and racks
 Have gone, of choice, in hope of heaven; —

For here there was an inward WILL!
 Here spake the spirit, upward tending;
And o'er Faith's cloud-girt altar, still,
 Hope hung her rainbow, heaven-ward bending.

But will and hope hath not the slave,
His bleeding spirit to sustain : —
No, — he must drag on, to the grave,
His chain.

1839.

VII.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE TO THE NORTH STAR.

Star of the North! though night winds drift
The fleecy drapery of the sky
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope, my sleepless eye
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North ! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid, and long for night :
For night ; — I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon, —

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust
For gold hath riveted my chain ;
Nor other leader can I trust,
But thee, of even the starry train ;
For, all the host around thee burning,
Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

I may not follow where they go :
 Star of the North, I look to thee
While on I press ; for well I know
 Thy light and truth shall set me free ; —
Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth ;
Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star
 That over Bethlehem's manger glowed ;
With joy they hailed it from afar,
 And followed where it marked the road,
Till, where its rays directly fell,
They found the Hope of Israel.

Wise were the men who followed thus
 The star that sets man free from sin !
Star of the North ! thou art to us, —
 Who 're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is night's protecting wing, —
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee !
 I trust thy steady light alone :
Star of the North ! thou seem'st to me
 To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me, through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and Him.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
 Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
 And bow my parching lips to drink.

Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray!

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows at the break of morn.
And there I lay, till thy sweet face
Looked in upon "my hiding-place."

The tangled cane-brake, — where I crept
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept
Till wakened by the rising moon, —
As its stalks felt the night wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North! in bright array
The constellations round thee sweep,
Each holding on its nightly way,
Rising, or sinking in the deep,
And, as it hangs in mid heaven flaming,
The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle * cowers;
Fit ensign! she 's a bird of spoil; —
Like worships like! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil.

* The constellations, *Aquila*, *Leo*, and *Virgo*, are here meant by the astronomical fugitive.

I 've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion, at the Virgin's feet
Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap! — an emblem meet
Of England's Queen and English law: —
Queen, that hath made her Islands free!
Law, that holds out its shield to me!

Star of the North! upon that shield
Thou shinest! — O, for ever shine!
The negro, from the cotton-field,
Shall then beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion couched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle screaming o'er it!

VIII.

ECONOMY OF SLAVERY.

"ONE mouth and one back to two hands," is the law
That the hand of his Maker has stamped upon man;
But Slavery lays on God's image her paw,
And fixes him out on a different plan; —
Two mouths and *two* backs to two hands she creates;
And the consequence is, as she might have expected;
Let the hands do their best, upon all her estates,
The mouths go half fed, and the backs half protected.

1840.

IX.

GLEANINGS.

GLEANINGS.

I.

TO A FRIEND.

Friend of my dark and solitary hour,
When spectres walk abroad, and ghosts have power,
To thee I look to dissipate the gloom,
And banish sheeted corpses from my room.
Thou 'rt not thyself a corpse, though, past all doubt,
Thou hast been a dead body, and "laid out."
Nor art thou quite a ghost, though, sooth to say,
Much like a ghost thou vanishest away,
And, like the ghost in Shakspeare's tragic tale,
(That of the royal Dane,) thou 'rt "very pale."

Life of my nights, thy cheering smile impart!
Light of my lone and melancholy heart,
Come stand beside me, and, with silent gaze,
O'erlook the line I 'm weaving in thy praise.
But, should my numbers, like thyself, decline,
Start not indignant from thy silver shrine,
Such panegyric though incensed to hear,
Nor, like the Cynthian,* touch my tingling ear.

* "Cynthius aurem vellit." —Virg. *Ecl.* vi. 1, 3.

Yea, — though I feel thy warm breath in my face,
As Daphne felt the Delphian's * in the chase,
Let not my finger press thy polished form,
Lest, like Pygmalion, I should find thee warm.

Thou art not cold as marble, though thou 'rt fair
As smoothest alabaster statues are ;
Thou 'rt like the lamp that brightens wisdom's page ;
Thou 'rt like a glass to the dim eye of age ;
Thou 'rt like the lantern Hero held, of yore,
On Sestos's tower, to light Leander o'er.
Thou art the friend of Beauty and of Wit ;
Both beam the brighter when with thee they sit.
Thou giv'st to Beauty's cheek a softer hue,
Sprinklest on Beauty's lip a fresher dew,
Giv'st her with warmer eloquence to sigh,
And wing love's shafts more heated from her eye.

Still, pure thyself, as Nova Zembla's snows,
Thy blood bounds not, — it regularly flows.
Thou dost not feel, nor wake, impure desire ; —
For, though thou standest with thy soul on fire,
Beside my couch, in all thy glowing charms,
I sleep, nor dream I clasp thee in my arms.

Thy faithfulness, my friend, oft hast thou shown ;
Thou hast stood by me oft, — and stood alone ;
And when the world has frowned, thou wouldst beguile
My hours of sadness with thy cheerful smile.

* Ovid. *Met.*, I. 539 *et seq.*

Yet well I know, — forgive the painful thought! —
With all thy faithfulness, thou hast been bought.
Yes, friend, thou hast been venal, and hast known
The time, when, just as freely as my own
Thou mightest, for a trifle, have been led
To grace the veriest stranger's board or bed.
Yet will I trust thee now, — while thou hast life; —
I 'll trust thee with my money, or my wife,
Not doubting, for a moment, that thou 'lt be
As true to them as thou art true to me.

While thus I praise thee, I do not pretend
That though a faithful, thou 'rt a faultless friend.
Excuse me, then, — I do not love to blame, —
When, for thy sake, thy faults I briefly name.

Though often present when debates wax warm,
On Slavery, or the Temperance reform,
I ne'er have known thee lift thy voice or hand,
The car of Reformation through the land
Onward to roll. — Thou knowest well that I
Drink nothing but cold water, when I 'm dry; —
It is my daily bath, my daily drink; —
What, then, with all thy virtues, must I think,
When, as thou seest my goblet filling up,
Or the pure crystal flowing from the cup,
In cool refreshment, o'er my parching lip,
I never can persuade thee e'en to sip? —
Nay, — when thou bear'st it with so ill a grace,
If but a drop I sprinkle in thy face?

Thou know'st this puts thee out. And then, once more,
Tobacco juice, on carpet, hearth, or floor,
I can't endure ; and yet I know thou viewest
Such things unmoved. I say not that thou chewest
The Indian weed ; but I 'm in error far,
If I 've not seen thee lighting a cigar ; —
Fie ! Fie ! my friend, eschew the nauseous stuff !
I hate thy smoking ! I detest thy snuff !

True, should my censures a retort provoke,
Thou mayst reply that Spanish ladies smoke ;
And that e'en editors are pleased enough
Sometimes to take, as oft they give, a puff.

Ah well, " with all thy faults," — as Cowper says, —
" I love thee still," and still I sing thy praise :
These few bad habits I o'erlook in thee ; —
For who, on earth, from every fault is free ?

Still, my fair friend, the poisonous gall that drips
On virtue's robe, from Scandal's viper lips,
Hath fallen on thee. When innocence and youth
Her victims are, she seems to tell the truth,
While yet she lies. But when, with deadly fangs,
She strikes at thee, and on thy mantel hangs,
She seems resolved a different game to try ;
She tells the truth, but seems to tell a lie,
And calls thee, — thy tried character to stain, —
" The wicked fiction of some monster's brain ! "

"Wicked!"—let all such slanderers be told
Thy maker cast thee in an upright mould;*
And, though thou mayst be swayed, 't is ne'er to ill,
But thou maintainest thine uprightness still.
"Wicked!"—while all thine hours, as they proceed,
See thee engaged in some illustrious deed!
See thee, thyself and all thou hast, to spend,
Like holy Paul, to benefit thy friend;
And, by the couch where wakeful woe appears,
See thee dissolve, like Niobe, in tears!

E'en now, as, gazing on thy slender frame,
That, like my own, still feeds the vital flame,
I strive to catch thy beauty's modest ray,
Methinks I see thee sink, in slow decay,
Beneath the flame that 's kindled by my breath,
And preys upon thy heart-strings till thy death.
Yet, in thy melting mood, thy heart is light,
Thy smile is cheerful, and thy visage bright.
And, in thy pallid form, I see displayed
The Cyprian goddess and the martial maid;
For thou didst spring, like Venus, from the main,
And, like Minerva, from a thunderer's brain.

What though thou art a "fiction"? Still, forsooth,
Fiction may throw as fair a light as truth.
But, thou 'rt a "wicked fiction"; yet, the while,
No crime is thine, and thou 'rt unknown to guile.

* "For, O, thy soul in holy mould was cast."—CAMPBELL.

In fiery trials, I have seen thee stand
Firm, and more pure than e'en thy maker's hand;
And deeds of darkness, crimsoned o'er with shame,
Shrink from thine eye as from devouring flame.

True at thy post, I 've ever seen thee stay,
Yet, truant-like, I 've seen thee run away;
And, though that want of firmness I deplore,
Wert thou less wicked thou wouldst run still more;
Wert thou more wicked, and less modest too,
The meed of greater virtue were thy due.
Wert thou less wicked, thou wouldst less dispense
The beams of beauty and benevolence.
Light of my gloomy hours, thy name I bless
The more, the greater is thy wickedness.

II.

PETITION FROM A LAZARETTO.

Lines written in the Lazaretto at Malta, in May, 1836, in the name of the Subscriber, — a Captain in His Britannic Majesty's service, who had been stationed at Corfu, — and sent by him to Sir Frederick Hankey, in behalf of the party described, and for the object stated in the lines themselves.

Sir,

From the Lazaretto's lofty cells,
Where Freedom comes not, but where Hunger dwells,
Where floors, walls, ceilings, — all of Malta stone, —
Have long replied to many a prisoner's moan ;
Where, while we wake, we 're stung by many a gnat,
And, while we sleep, are robbed by many a rat, —
Your servant, who, you know, is not a stoic
(Though here one ought to be), begs your permission,
In a few lines, and somewhat less heroic
Than are these first, to send you his petition ; —
Which humbly showeth ; —
Here are four
As hearty men as walk the planet,
Who 're running up a frightful score,
('T is now five days since we began it,)
For baked, stewed, roasted, with McAlif ; *

* McAlif, the obliging host in the city of Valetta, who spread our table in the Lazaretto.

And, as we 're earning nothing here,
But eating beef and drinking beer, —
We speak not now of *eau de vie*,
And rum, and lemon *ratafia*,* —
We really begin to fear
That we shall all be after meeting,
On our way homeward, a "bum-bailiff,"
With his tipped staff, and *civil* "greeting."
Now, should our commissary set a
Bull-dog like this upon our track,
Who, on our entering Valetta,
Should seize, and hold, or drag us back;
Or, on such "livery of *seisin*,"
Should take us to a debtor's prison,
Our case were obviously still harder; —
For *there* McAlif keeps no larder; —
And, what is worse, when once in there,
We fear, the whole *corps sanitaire*
Might deem it somewhat too erratic,
Even in *ten* days to give us pratique.

Fear ye the plague from such as we?
Consider, pray, from whence we 've come; —
Some from Corfù, from Patras some,
And all have crossed the Ionian sea.
Some have been rambling, e'er so long,
Among the hills so famed in song,

* The author owes it to himself, not to say one or two others of the party, to declare that these three lines had reference to only one of the party, who in the armies of "the jolly god" was a veteran, that had seen hard service.

('T is there we must have caught the power
To string our lyre thus, and to sound it.)
On Helicon we met a shower,
With a young Iris dancing round it.
Upon Cythæron's shady side
We saw Hygeia coolly seated ;
Who, learning that we 'd come in honest quest of her,
(Not like Actæon, for a glimpse by stealth,)
Most promptly gave us a clean bill of health,
And to our question courteously replied,
And her assurance o'er and o'er repeated,
That we should find no *plague*, now, to the West of her ;
" Except, " — she added in an under tone, —
" It be the plague at Malta or Ancone,"
By which we understood the nymph to mean
The plague of there performing quarantine.

Since that, we 've felt the breezes pass us
Fresh from the white head of Parnassus,
And, later still, the Adriatic
Has breathed upon us ; — and his breath,
If it *e'er* bears the darts of Death,
Brings them in colds and pains rheumatic ;
Or down the gulf a demon sails,
With white lips and blue finger-nails,
By mortals sometimes called an ague ; —
These imps Adria sends to plague you ; —
But, as to any other kind of pest,
Were 't not a *lazar-house*, it were a *jest*.

Fear ye the plague from such as we?
O, send the leech, and let *him* see.
We think, if any thing can banish
The fear of pest from us, poor sinners,
'T would be, when we are at our dinners,
To see how soon those dinners vanish.
Send, then, the leech, — let him examine;
We think, when he shall make report,
'Twill be agreed "by the whole court," —
No fear of plague, but fear of famine.

O, had we but a *tongue* to plead our cause!
We had one once, — it is not what it was, —
There was a time when that delicious tongue,
Sweeter than Nestor's, with its fellows hung,
And in the smoke of Adrianople swung.
In Smyrna next it met our roving eye,
And the bait took; — what could we do but buy?
O, it was sweeter than "the summer south,"
Nor could we see it but with watering mouth;
In papers firm we had the purchase rolled,
And then we paid for 't in the Sultan's gold.
Pleased, we looked forward to the Lazaret,
Where, if McAlif could not meet our wishes,
We knew that there was *one* thing we could get,
And that one thing the very prince of dishes!

This morning, as a miser to his hoard
Goes, to be sure that every thing is right,
We sought the basket where our tongue was stored,
And where we left it, safely wrapped, last night. —

The truth flashed forth; — we can no longer mask it; —
Some foe, — and doubtless thereby hangs a *tail*, —
Had, " while men slept," crept softly to the basket,
(How, when we all looked in, we all looked pale!)
And left no more of all our cherished treasure,
Than what consisted with the pirate's pleasure!
We had a tongue, which *is* not all a tongue;
Ah, little thought we, it so soon would fail us!
But yesterday, it might have stood among
The dishes dressed for Heliogabalus;
Now, none so hungry as that tongue to set to,
Of all the starvelings of a Lazaretto.
We, then, your servant, do implore,
Not for ourself, but all the four
Who help this Lazaretto farce on; —
Yes, — 't is the *four* we 're pleading for,
To wit, three English men of war
And one poor vagrant Yankee parson; —
We say, we do beseech your grace,
Sir Frederick, in behalf of these,
Let us all quit this hungry place,
And get our dinner when and where we please.
Your deed shall live; in verse and prose we 'll tell it!
And, as in duty bound, we 'll ever thank ye;
Your humble servant,
Robert Napier Kellett.
The Honorable Secretary Hankey.

III.

FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS E. L. B——.

Is there, in all the skies, a star
That envies not the Queen of Heaven,
As nightly, on her silver car,
Through their retiring ranks she 's driven ?

There is : — for, though a countless train,
That sparkled ere she rose to view,
Grow pale with envy when the plain
Is sprinkled with her light and dew,

One stands unmoved, and sees her roll,
Nor will retire, nor yet attend her;
'T is she whose lamp illumes the pole
With modest but eternal splendor.

Springs there a plant or flower to light,
Whose bosom, all unknown to guile,
Is bathed in the pure tears of Night,
And dried in Morning's cheerful smile, —

Whether that plant or blossom throws
Its fragrance over hill or dale, —
That envies not to see the Rose
Unfold her leaves and woo the gale,

When on her green and graceful stem
She hangs, her native bush adorning,
Sparkling with many a dewy gem,
And blushing with the beams of morning?

Yes, there is one, and one alone; —
Mimosa, pride of vegetation,
Boasts higher honors of her own;
Hers is the honor of sensation.

And is there one whose peace the glare
Of others' beauty never mars?
One of the blooming, sparkling fair,
Whose emblems are the flowers and stars?

Yes: — there is one; 't is she who shrinks
From even admiration's gaze,
Who courts the shade, who feels, who thinks,
And spreads her hands to heaven in praise;

'T is she whose spirit dwells on high,
Even in the thoughtful nights of youth;
'T is she whose mild and constant eye
Beams with the faithful light of truth.

Heaven's brilliant lights, Earth's blooming flowers,—
These shall all fade, and those shall fall: —
The moral beauty that is ours
Shall flourish o'er the tomb of all.

1824.

IV.

FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS CAROLINE C——.

"Grace is deceitful, and beauty vain." — *Solomon.*

O, SAY not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign,
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain.

Your *harem* beauties resign! resign
Their lascivious dance, their voluptuous song!
To your *garden* come forth, among things divine,
And own you do grace and beauty wrong.

Is beauty vain because it will fade?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light vain;
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.

But earth's green mantle, pranked with flowers,
Is the couch where life with joy reposes;
And heaven gives down, with its light and showers,
To regale them, fruits, — to deck them, roses.

And, while opening flowers in such beauty spread,
And ripening fruits so gracefully swing,
Say not, O King, as you just now said,
That beauty or grace is a worthless thing.

This willow's limbs, as they bend in the breeze,
The dimpled face of the pool to kiss, —
Who, that has eyes and a heart, but sees
That there is beauty and grace in this!

And do not these boughs all whisper of Him,
Whose smile is the light that in green arrays them;
Who sitteth, in peace, on the wave they skim,
And whose breath is the gentle wind that sways them?

And are not the beauty and grace of youth,
Like those of this willow, the work of love?
Do they not come, like the voice of truth,
That is heard all around us here, from above?

Then say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign,
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain.

1827.

V.

FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS OCTAVIA W——.

Octavia! what the eighth! — If bounteous Heaven
Hath made eight such, where are the other seven?

1835.

VI.

FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS MARY G. M——.

Mary, never on these pages
 Let there be a single line,
Be it beau's, or bard's, or sage's,
 That shall aught unholy speak,
 Or blot the paper's virgin cheek,
 Or bring a blush o'er thine.

Let no hand, — or friend's or lover's, —
 Ever, from wit's sparkling mine
Call, and leave between these covers,
 Any gem, however bright,
 That in jealous Virtue's sight
 Shall be unfit for thine.

With the pearls from *shallow* waters,
 Such as brainless flatterers twine
Round the brow of Folly's daughters,
 Let the pedlers of those pearls
 Grace the albums of their girls,
 But never trick out thine.

Gems of truth and genius, rather,
 That, from heights or depths divine,
Wisdom's sons and daughters gather, —
 Gems of thought and holy feeling,
 To thyself thyself revealing, —
 Shall fill this book of thine.

Flowers, by kindred spirits painted,
Taste shall here so intertwine,
That thy brother's spirit sainted, —
Could the finished volume lie
Open to his watchful eye, —
Would give it back to thine.

Mary, *now* thy cheek is blowing;
But its bloom wilt thou resign,
With the locks that now are flowing
Down the shoulders of thy youth;
But thy purity and truth
O keep for ever! — Thine,
1840. J. P.

VII.

SUNDAY MORNING AT CAMBRIDGE.

It had rained in the night; but the morning's birth
Was as calm and still as even;
The heralds of day were awake in their mirth,
For the sun in his glory was coming to earth,
And the mists had gone to heaven.
The winds were asleep; so soft was the weather,
Since the storm had spent its might,
Not an angel of morning had lifted a feather,
Or whispered a word for hours together,
Or breathed a "Farewell!" to night.

The fields were green,
And the world was clean;
The young smokes curled in air,
And the clear-toned bell
Swung merrily to tell
The students' hour of prayer.
The elm's yellow leaf, that the frost had dyed,
Caught the yellower sun as he came in pride
Down the church's spire and the chapel's side.

As learning's pale and dark-robed throng
Moved on to morning's prayer and song,
One of the train, who walked alone,
One, to the rest but little known,
Whose way of worship was his own,
Moved tardily, till by degrees
He stopped among the glittering trees
While the rest in the chapel assembled.
For the diamond drops of the mist hung there,
All meltingly strung on the stiff, straight hair,
Of the shrubbery larch. The sun's flash came
And wrapped the bush all at once in flame;
Yet its glorious locks never trembled.
Not Horeb's bush, to Moses' eye,
Wa fuller of the deity.
The worshipper gazed: — 't was a glorious sight!
As the pageant blazed with its rainbow light,
He was bowing his heart adoringly.
From the bush, that in silence and purity burned,
To commune with the Spirit that filled it he learned,
And from earth I saw that his eyes were turned,
And lifted to heaven imploringly.

Oct. 2d, 1818.

VIII.

MORNING PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

O God! I thank thee, that the night
 In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light
 My Father's smile, that makes it day.

Be thou my guide, and let me live
 As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
 And make me happy when I die.

IX.

EVENING PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

Another day its course hath run,
 And still, O God, thy child is blessed;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
 And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
 And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
 My spirit to my Father's will.

X.

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 How glad should I have been,
Could I, in my lone wanderings,
 Thine aged walls have seen! —
Could I have gazed upon the dome,
 Above thy towers that swells,
And heard, as evening's sun went down,
 Thy parting camels' bells: —

Could I have stood on Olivet,
 Where once the Saviour trod,
And, from its height, looked down upon
 The city of our God!
For is it not, Almighty God,
 Thy holy city still, —
Though there thy prophets walk no more, —
 That crowns Moriah's hill?

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed,
 The streets of Salem now,
Nor are their voices lifted up
 On Zion's saddened brow;
Nor are their garnished sepulchres
 With pious sorrow kept,

Where once the same Jerusalem,
That killed them, came and wept.

But still the seed of Abraham
With joy upon it look,
And lay their ashes at its feet,
That Kedron's feeble brook
Still washes, as its waters creep
Along their rocky bed,
And Israel's God is worshipped yet
Where Zion lifts her head.

Yes ; — every morning, as the day
Breaks over Olivet,
The holy name of Allah comes
From every minaret ;
At every eve the mellow call
Floats on the quiet air,
" Lo, God is God ! Before him come,
Before him come, for prayer ! "

I know, when at that solemn call
The city holds her breath,
That Omar's mosque hears not the name
Of Him of Nazareth ;
But Abraham's God is worshipped there
Alike by age and youth,
And worshipped, — hopeth charity, —
" In spirit and in truth."

Yea, from that day when Salem knelt
And bent her queenly neck

To him who was, at once, her Priest
And King, — Melchisedek,
To this, when Egypt's Abraham *
The sceptre and the sword
Shakes o'er her head, her holy men
Have bowed before the Lord.

Jerusalem, I would have seen
Thy precipices steep,
The trees of palm that overhang
Thy gorges dark and deep,
The goats that cling along thy cliffs,
And browse upon thy rocks,
Beneath whose shade lie down, alike,
Thy shepherds and their flocks.

I would have mused, while Night hung out
Her silver lamp so pale,
Beneath those ancient olive trees
That grow in Kedron's vale,
Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides
The city's wall sublime,
Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks
Defy the sithe of Time.

The Garden of Gethsemanè
Those aged olive trees
Are shading yet, and in their shade
I would have sought the breeze,

* This name, now generally written Ibrahim, is the same as that of "the father of the faithful," the contemporary of Melchisedek.

That, like an angel, bathed the brow,
And bore to heaven the prayer,
Of Jesus, when in agony,
He sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary,
And, where the Marys stood
Bewailing loud the Crucified,
As near him as they could,
I would have stood, till Night o'er earth
Her heavy pall had thrown,
And thought upon my Saviour's cross,
And learned to bear my own.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thy cross thou bearest now!
An iron yoke is on thy neck,
And blood is on thy brow;
Thy golden crown, the crown of truth,
Thou didst reject as dross,
And now thy cross is on thee laid,
The Crescent is thy cross!

It was not mine, nor will it be,
To see the bloody rod
That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged,
Thou city of our God!
But round thy hill the spirits throng
Of all thy murdered seers,
And voices that went up from it
Are ringing in my ears, —

Went up that day, when darkness fell
From all thy firmament,
And shrouded thee at noon; and when
Thy temple's vail was rent,
And graves of holy men, that touched
Thy feet, gave up their dead:—
Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard,
HIS BLOOD IS ON THY HEAD!

1840.

THE END.